

**PARADISE LOST, THE
TEXT REPROD. FROM
THE 1ST ED. OF 1667,
WITH AN APPENDIX
AND A MONOGRAPH...**

John Milton





600070644R





PARADISE LOST



PARADISE LOST

IN TEN BOOKS

The TEXT exactly reproduced

from the first edition of 1667

With an APPENDIX containing the

Additions made in Later Issues and

a Monograph on the Original

Publication of the POEM.



LONDON

BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING

196 PICCADILLY

1873

280. i. 139.

Paradise loft.

A

P O E M

Written in

T E N B O O K S

By *JOHN MILTON.*

Licenfed and Entred according
to Order.

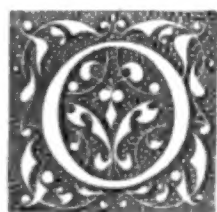
L O N D O N

Printed, and are to be fold by *Peter Parker*
under *Creed Church* neer *Aldgate* ; And by
Robert Boulter at the *Turks Head* in *Bishopsgate-street* ;
And *Matthias Walker*, under *St. Dunstons Church*
in *Fleet-street*, 1667.



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.



OF Mans First Difobedience, and
the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose
mortal taft
Brought Death into the World,
and all our woe,
With lofs of *Eden*, till one greater Man
Reftore us, and regain the blifsful Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Mufe, that on the secret top
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didft inspire
That Shepherd, who firft taught the chofen Seed,
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of *Chaos* : Or if *Sion* Hill
Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that flow'd
Faft by the Oracle of God ; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,
That with no middle flight intends to foar

A

Above

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
20 Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast Abyss
And mad'st it pregnant: What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support;
That to the highth of this great Argument
I may assert th' Eternal Providence,
And justify the wayes of God to men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
30 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his Will
For one restraint, Lords of the World besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that fowl revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile
Stird up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host
Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,
40 He trusted to have equal'd the most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie
With hideous ruine and combustion down

To

Book I.

To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms.
Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquisht, rowling in the fiery Gulfe
Confounded though immortal : But his doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath ; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate :
At once as far as Angels kenn he views
The dismal Situation waste and wilde,
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all ; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd :
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole.
O how unlike the place from whence they fell !
There the companions of his fall, o'rewhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

80 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd
Bēelzebub. To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he ; But O how fall'n ! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightnes didst outshine
Myriads though bright : If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
90 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd
In equal ruin : into what Pit thou seest
From what highth fal'n, so much the stronger provd
He with his Thunder : and till then who knew
The force of those dire Arms ? yet not for those
Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre ; that fixt mind
And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
100 And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost ?
All is not lost ; the unconquerable Will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield :
And what is else not to be overcome ?
110 That Glory never shall his wrath or might

Extort

Paradise lost. *Book I.*

Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, and deifie his power
Who from the terrour of this Arm so late
Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall ; since by Fate the strength of Gods
And this Empyrean substance cannot fail,
Since through experience of this great event
In Arms not worse, in foresight much advanc't,
We may with more successful hope resolve 120
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
Irreconcilable, to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.
So spake th' Apostate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rackt with deep despare :
And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.
O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr 130
Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
Fearless, endanger'd Heav'ns perpetual King ;
And put to proof his high Supremacy,
Whether upheld by strength, or Chance, or Fate,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
In horrible destruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences
Can Perish : for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible, and vigour soon returns, 140
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow'd up in endless misery.

But

Book 1. *Paradise lost.*

But what if he our Conquerour, (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, since no less
Then such could hav orepow'rd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength intire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
150 By right of Warr, what e're his business be
Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire,
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep ;
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminsht, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment ?
Whereto with speedy words th'Arch-fiend reply'd.
Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
Doing or Suffering : but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
160 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his Providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil ;
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
170 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the Gates of Heav'n : The Sulphurous Hail
Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
Wing'd

Paradise lost. Book I.

Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.

Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,
The seat of desolation, voyd of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And reassembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend]

180

Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,
If not what resolution from despair.

190

Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briarios or *Typhon*, whom the Den

By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
Created hugest that swim th' Ocean stream:
Him haply slumbring on the *Norway* foam
The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,
Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind

200

Moors

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

Moors by his side under the Lee, while Night
Invests the Sea, and wished Morn delays :
So stretcht out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay
210 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence
Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
And high permission of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs,
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
On Man by him seduc't, but on himself
220 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature ; on each hand the flames
Drivn backward slope their pointing spires, & rowld
In billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
That felt unusual weight, till on dry Land
He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire ;
230 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a Hill
Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side
Of thundring *Ætna*, whose combustible
And fewel'd entrals thence conceiving Fire,
Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
And leave a sing'd bottom all involv'd
With stench and smoak : Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet. Him followed his next Mate,
Both

Paradise lost. Book I.

Both glorying to have scap't the *Stygian* flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
Said then the lost Arch Angel, this the seat
That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful
For that celestial light? Be it so, since hee (gloom
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right: fardest from him is best
Whom reason hath equald, force hath made su-
Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields (pream
Where Joy for ever dwells: Hail horrors, hail 250
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.

The mind is its own place, and in it self
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less then hee
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence: 260
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n.
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss
Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
Regaind in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell? 270

B

So

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

So *Satan* spake, and him *Bēelzebub*
Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyld,
If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extreame, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lye
280 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious highth.

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
Through Optic Glasse the *Tuscan* Artist views
At Ev'ning from the top of *Fesole*,
290 Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands,
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast
Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walkt with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning Marle, not like those steps
On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
Smote on him fore besides, vaulted with Fire;
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach
300 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd
His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay intrans't
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks

In

Paradise lost. Book 1.

In *Vallombrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades
High overarch't imbrowr ; or scatterd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves ore-
Bufiris and his *Memphian* Chivalrie, (threw
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld
From the safe shore their floating Carkases 310
And broken Chariot Wheels, so thick bestrown
Abjeſt and loſt lay theſe, covering the Flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow Deep
Of Hell reſounded. Princes, Potentates,
Warriers, the Flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now loſt,
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſieze
Eternal ſpirits ; or have ye choſ'n this place
After the toyl of Battel to reſoſe
Your wearied vertue, for the eaſe you find 320
To ſlumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n ?
Or in this abjeſt poſture have ye ſworn
To adore the Conquerour ? who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
With ſcatter'd Arms and Enſigns, till anon
His ſwift purſuers from Heav'n Gates diſcern
Th' advantage, and deſcending tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fall'n. 330

They heard, and were abaſht, and up they ſprung
Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping ſound by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

Nor did they not perceave the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel ;
Yet to their Generals Voyce they soon obeyd
Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
Of *Amrams* Son in *Egypt*s evill day
340 Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,
That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile* :
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires ;
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Thir course, in even ballance down they light
350 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain ;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
Rhene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands.
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
Their great Commander ; Godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
360 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones ;
Though of their Names in heavenly Records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life.
Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*
Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,
Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,
By

Paradise lost. *Book I.*

By falsties and lyes the greatest part
Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him, that made them, to transform 370
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities :
Then were they known to men by various Names,
And various Idols through the Heathen World.
Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch, (last,
At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof? 380
The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
Among the Nations round, and durst abide
Jehovah thundring out of *Sion*, thron'd
Between the Cherubim ; yea, often plac'd
Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines,
Abominations ; and with curst things
His holy Rites, and solemn Feasts profan'd, 390
And with their darkness durst affront his light.
First *Moloch*, horrid King besmear'd with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard, that past through fire
To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*
Worshipt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,
In *Argob* and in *Bajan*, to the stream

Of

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

400 Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build
His Temple right against the Temple of God
On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
The pleasant Vally of *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence
And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.
Next *Chemos*, th' obscene dread of *Moabs* Sons,
From *Aroer* to *Nebo*, and the wild
Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*
And *Heronaim*, *Seons* Realm, beyond
410 The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,
And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool.
Peor his other Name, when he entic'd
Israel in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*
To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove
Of *Moloch* homicide, lust hard by hate;
Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.
With these came they, who from the bordring flood
420 Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts
Egypt from *Syrian* ground, had general Names
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those male,
These Feminine. For Spirits when they please
Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their Essence pure,
Not ti'd or manacl'd with joynt or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they choose
Dilated or condens't, bright or obscure,
430 Can execute their aerie purposes,

And

Paradise lost. Book I.

And works of love or enmity fulfill.
For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial Gods ; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns ;
To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon 440
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
In *Sion* also not unfung, where stood
Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell
To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a Summers day,
While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock 450
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded : the Love-tale
Infected *Sions* daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark
Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers :
Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man

And

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

And downward Fish: yet had his Temple high
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast
Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,
And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds.
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat
Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil Banks
Of *Abbana* and *Pbarphar*, lucid streams.
470 He also against the house of God was bold:
A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,
Ahaz his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew
Gods Altar to disparage and displace
For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the Gods
Whom he had vanquish'd. After these appear'd
A crew who under Names of old Renown,
Osiris, *Isis*, *Orus* and their Train
480 With monstrous shapes and forceries abus'd
Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests, to seek
Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* scape
Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
The Calf in *Oreb*: and the Rebel King
Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
Jehovah, who in one Night when he pass'd
From *Egypt* marching, equal'd with one stroke
Both her first born and all her bleating Gods.
490 *Belial* came last, then whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
Vice for it self: To him no Temple stood
Or Altar smok'd; yet who more oft then hee
In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest

With

Paradise lost. Book I.

Turns Atheist, as did *Ely's* Sons, who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God.
In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
And in luxurious Cities, where the noyse
Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towrs,
And injury and outrage: And when Night
Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.
Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night
In *Gibeah*, when hospitable *Dores*
Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worse rape.
These were the prime in order and in might;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javans* Issue held
Gods, yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth
Thir boasted Parents; *Titan* Heav'ns first born
With his enormous brood, and birthright feis'd
By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*
His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found;
So *Jove* usurping reign'd: these first in *Creet*
And *Ida* known, thence on the Snowy top
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air
Thir highest Heav'n; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,
Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds
Of *Doric* Land; or who with *Saturn* old
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields,
And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles.
All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss it self; which on his count'nance cast

500

510

520

C

Like

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

Like doubtful hue : but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
530 Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their fears.
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upheard
His mighty Standard ; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall :
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld
'Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and Trophies : all the while
540 Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds :
At which the universal Host upsent
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air
With Orient Colours waving : with them rose
A Forrest huge of Spears : and thronging Helms
Appear'd, and ferried Shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable : Anon they move
550 In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood
Of Flutes and soft Recorders ; such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper Hero's old
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From

Paradise lost. Book I.

From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought 560
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle; and now
Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid Front
Of dreadful length and dazling Arms, in guise
Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield,
Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief
Had to impose: He through the armed Files
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
The whole Battalion views, thir order due,
Thir visages and stature as of Gods, 570
Thir number last he summs. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hardning in his strength
Glories: For never since created man,
Met such imbodied force, as nam'd with these
Could merit more then that small infantry
Warr'd on by Cranes: though all the Giant brood
Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were joyn'd
That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each side
Mixt with auxiliar Gods; and what resounds
In Fable or *Romance* of *Uthers* Son 580
Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights;
And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel
Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*,
Damasco, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,
Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore
When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Thir dread Commander: he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590

Book 1. *Paradise lost.*

Stood like a Towr ; his form had yet not lost
All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
Less then Arch Angel ruind, and th' excess
Of Glory obscur'd : As when the Sun new ris'n
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs. Dark'n'd so, yet shon
600 Above them all th' Arch Angel : but his face
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under Browes
Of dauntless courage, and considerate Pride
Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in blifs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain,
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't
610 Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood,
Thir Glory witherd. As when Heavens Fire
Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
With singed top their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd
To speak ; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend
From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round
With all his Peers : attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
620 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth : at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way.
O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers

Match-

Paradise lost. Book I.

Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this places testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630
For who can yet beleieve, though after loss,
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat.
For me, be witness all the Host of Heav'n,
If counsels different, or danger shun'd
By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custome, and his Regal State 640
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New warr, provok't; our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile
What force effected not: that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new Worlds; whereof so rife 650
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven:
Thither,

Book 1. *Paradise lost.*

Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere :
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyſſe
Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
660 Full Counſel muſt mature : Peace is deſpaired,
For who can think Submiſſion? Warr then, Warr
Open or underſtood muſt be reſolv'd.

He ſpake : and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim ; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell : highly they rag'd
Againſt the Higheſt, and fierce with graſped arm's
Clash'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n.

670 There ſtood a Hill not far whoſe grieſly top
Belch'd fire and rowling ſmoak ; the reſt entire
Shon with a gloſſie ſcurff, undoubted ſign
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore,
The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with ſpeed
A numerous Brigad haſten'd. As when bands
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd
Forerun the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
Or caſt a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,
Mammon, the leaſt erected Spirit that fell
680 From heav'n, for ev'n in heav'n his looks & thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trod'n Gold,
Then aught divine or holy elſe enjoy'd
In viſion beatific : by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught,
Ranſack'd the Center, and with impious hands

Riſſ'd

Paradise lost. Book I.

Riff'd the bowels of thir mother Earth
For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
Op'nd into the Hill a spacious wound
And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soyle may best
Deserve the pretious bane. And here let those
Who boast in mortal things, and wondring tell
Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings,
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame,
And Strength and Art are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toyle
And hands innumerable scarce perform.
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude
With wondrous Art founded the massie Ore,
Severing each kinde, and scum'd the Bullion dross:
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boyling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
As in an Organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of Pipes the found-board breaths.
A non out of the earth a Fabrick huge
Rose like an Exhalation, with the found
Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With Golden Architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,
The roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babilon*,
Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence

Equal'd

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

720 Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine
Belus or *Serapis* thir Gods, or seat
Thir Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* strove
In wealth and luxurie. Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores
Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth
And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by futtle Magic many a row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed
730 With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yeilded light
As from a sky. The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
And some the Architect: his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Herarchie, the Orders bright.
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient *Greece*; and in *Ausonian* land
740 Men call'd him *Mulciber*; and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements: from Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summers day; and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
On *Lemnos* th' *Ægæan* Ile: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heav'n high Towrs; nor did he
750 By all his Engins, but was headlong sent (scape
With

Paradise lost. Book I.

With his industrious crew to build in hell.
Mean while the winged Haralds by command
Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony
And Trumpets found throughout the Host pro-
A solemn Councel forthwith to be held (claim
At *Pandæmonium*, the high Capital
Of Satan and his Peers: thir fummons call'd
From every and Band squared Regiment
By place or choice the worthiest; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came 760
Attended: all access was throng'd, the Gates
And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where Champions
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldans chair (bold
Defi'd the best of *Panim* chivalry
To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brusht with the hiss of rusling wings. As Bees
In spring time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive 770
In clusters; they among fresh dews and flowers
Flie to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,
The suburb of thir Straw-built Cittadel,
New rub'd with Baume, expatiate and confer
Thir State affairs. So thick the aerie crowd
Swarm'd and were straitn'd; till the Signal giv'n,
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd
In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons
Now less then smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race 780
Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faerie Elves,
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forrest side

D

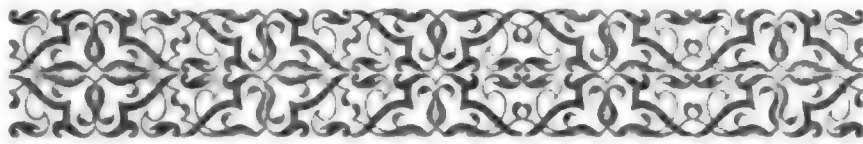
Or

Book I. *Paradise lost.*

790 Or Fountain some belated Peasant fees,
Or dreams he fees, while over head the Moon
Sits Arbitrefs, and neerer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course, they on thir mirth & dance
Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear ;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd thir shapes immense, and were at large,
Though without number still amidst the Hall
Of that infernal Court. But far within
And in thir own dimensions like themselves
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seat's,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great consult began.

The End of the First Book.

P A R A -



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

High on a Throne of Royal State, which far
Outshon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest
Showrs on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl & Gold, (hand
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displaid.

10

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial virtues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate:

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

20 Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n
Did first create your Leader, next, free choice,
With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,
Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss
Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more
Establisht in a safe unenvied Throne
Yeilded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Formost to stand against the Thunderers aime
Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
30 Of endless pain? where there is then no good
For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From Faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence, none, whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
More then can be in Heav'n, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper then prosperity
40 Could have assur'd us; and by what best way,
Whether of open Warr or covert guile,
We now debate; who can advise, may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him *Moloch*, Scepter'd King
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav'n; now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in strength, and rather then be less
Car'd not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worse

He

Paradise lost. Book 2.

He reckd not, and these words thereafter spake.

50

My sentence is for open Warr : Of Wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not : them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait
The Signal to ascend, sit lingring here
Heav'ns fugitives, and for thir dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,
The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns
By our delay ? no, let us rather choose
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once
O're Heav'ns high Towrs to force resistless way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Against the Torturer ; when to meet the noise
Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels ; and his Throne it self
Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented Torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful Lake benumme not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat : descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low ? Th' ascent is easie then ;

60

70

80

Th'

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Th' event is fear'd ; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction : if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd : what can be worse
Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, con-
In this abhorred deep to utter woe ; (denn'd
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
90 The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour
Calls us to Penance ? More destroy'd then thus
We should be quite abolisht and expire.
What fear we then ? what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire ? which to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier farr
Then miserable to have eternal being :
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
100 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing ; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne :
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
To less then Gods. On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane ;
110 A fairer person lost not Heav'n ; he seemd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit :
But all was false and hollow ; though his Tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
The

Paradise lost. Book 2.

The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest Counsels : for his thoughts were low ;
To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful : yet he pleas'd the eare,
And with perswasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,
As not behind in hate ; if what was urg'd
Main reason to perswade immediate Warr,
Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success :
When he who most excels in fact of Arms,
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

First, what Revenge? the Towrs of Heav'n are fill'd
With Armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable ; oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp thir Legions, or with obscure wing
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night,
Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest Infurrection, to confound

Heav'ns purest Light, yet our great Enemie
All incorruptible would on his Throne
Sit unpolluted, and th' Ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel

Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat despair : we must exasperate
Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us, that must be our cure,

To

120

130

140

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

To be no more ; sad cure ; for who would loose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity,
To perish rather, swallowd up and lost
150 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion ? and who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
Can give it, or will ever ? how he can
Is doubtful ; that he never will is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his Enemies thir wish, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless ? wherefore cease we then ?
160 Say they who counsel Warr, we are decreed,
Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe ;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse ? is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms ?
What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought
The Deep to shelter us ? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds : or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake ? that sure was worse.
170 What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
And plunge us in the Flames ? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance Arme again
His red right hand to plague us ? what if all
Her stores were op'n'd, and this Firmament
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall

Paradise lost. *Book. 2.*

One day upon our heads ; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,
Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd 180
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains ;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,
Ages of hopeles end ; this would be worse.
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice disswades ; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view ? he from heav'ns highth 190
All these our motions vain, sees and derides ;
Not more Almighty to resist our might
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
Thus traml'd, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains & these Torments ? better these then worse
By my advice ; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree,
The Victors will. To suffer, as to doe,
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust 200
That so ordains : this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of thir Conquerour : This is now
Our doom ; which if we can sustain and bear,

E

Our

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

- 210 Our Supream Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd
Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd
With what is punish't ; whence these raging fires
Will slack'n, if his breath stir not thir flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Thir noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conformd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain ;
220 This horror will grow milde, this darkness light,
Besides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
If we procure not to our selves more woe.
Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reasons garb
Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloath,
Not peace : and after him thus *Mammon* spake.
Either to disenthroned the King of Heav'n
230 We warr, if warr be best, or to regain
Our own right lost : him to unthroned we then
May hope, when everlasting Fate shall yeild
To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the strife :
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter : for what place can be for us
Within Heav'ns bound, unless Heav'ns Lord su-
We overpower ? Suppose he should relent (pream
And publish Grace to all, on promise made
Of new Subjection ; with what eyes could we
240 Stand in his presence humble, and receive
Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne

With

Paradise lost. *Book 2.*

With warbl'd Hymns, and to his Godhead sing
Forc't Halleluiah's; while he Lordly sits
Our envied Sovran, and his Altar breathes
Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,
Our servile offerings. This must be our task
In Heav'n, this our delight; how wearisom
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd 250
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from our selves, and from our own
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easie yoke
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create, and in what place so e're 260
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,
And with the Majesty of darkness round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please? This Desert soile 270
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Our torments also may in length of time
Become our Elements, these piercing Fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper ; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State
280 Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of Warr : ye have what I advise.

He scarce had finisht, when such murmur filld
Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance
Or Pinnacle anchors in a craggy Bay
290 After the Tempest : Such applause was heard
As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace : for such another Field
They dreaded worse then Hell : so much the fear
Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*
Wrought still within them ; and no less desire
To found this nether Empire, which might rise
By policy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.
Which when *Bëelzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,
300 *Satan* except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A Pillar of State ; deep on his Front engraven
Deliberation sat and publick care ;
And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,
Majestick though in ruin : sage he stood

With

Paradise lost. Book 2.

With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest Monarchies ; his look
Drew audience and attention still as Night
Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n, 310
Ethereal Vertues ; or these Titles now

Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
Princes of Hell ? for so the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing Empire ; doubtless ; while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt
From Heav'ns high jurisdiction, in new League
Banded against his Throne, but to remaine 320
In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
Under th' inevitable curb, reserv'd

His captive multitude : For he, be sure,
In highth or depth, still first and last will Reign
Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part
By our revolt, but over Hell extend

His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.
What fit we then projecting Peace and Warr ?
Warr hath determin'd us, and foild with loss 330

Irreparable ; tearms of peace yet none
Voutsaf't or fought ; for what peace will be giv'n
To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted ? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hostility and hate,
Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,

Yet

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

340 Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour least
May reap his conquest, and may least rejoyce
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav'n, whose high walls fear no assault or Siege,
Or ambush from the Deep. What if we find
Some easier enterprize? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not) another World, the happy seat
Of som new Race call'd *Man*, about this time
To be created like to us, though less
350 In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; so was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That shook Heav'ns whol circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,
And where thir weakness, how attempted best,
By force or suttlety: Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'ns high Arbitrator sit secure
366 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd
The utmost border of his Kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it: here perhaps
Som advantagious act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
To waste his whole Creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
The punie habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand

Abo-

Paradise lost. Book 2.

Abolish his own works. This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise
In his disturbance ; when his darling Sons
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Thir frail Originals, and faded blifs,
Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Bœlzebub*
Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd
By *Satan*, and in part propos'd : for whence,
But from the Author of all ill could Spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkl'd in all thir eyes ; with full assent
They vote : whereat his speech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd ; which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,
Neerer our ancient Seat ; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring
And opportune excursion we may chance (Arms
Re-enter Heav'n ; or else in some milde Zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heav'ns fair Light
Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
Purge off this gloom ; the soft delicious Air,
To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires

Book. 2. *Paradise lost.*

Shall breath her balme. But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world, whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his aerie flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he arrive
410 The happy Ile; what strength, what art can then
Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection, and we now no less
Choice in our suffrage; for on whom we send,
The weight of all and our last hope relies.
This said, he sat; and expectation held
His look suspence, awaiting who appeer'd
To second, or oppose, or undertake
420 The perilous attempt: but all sat mute,
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; & each
In others count'nance red his own dismay
Astonisht: none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be
So hardie as to proffer or accept (found
Alone the dreadful voyage; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.
430 O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyrean Thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demurr
Seis'd us, though undismaid: long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to Light;

Our

Paradise lost. Book. 2.

Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.
 These past, if any pass, the void profound
 Of unessential Night receives him next
 Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
 Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
 If thence he scape into what ever world,
 Or unknown Region, what remains him less
 Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.
 But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,
 And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught pro-
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape (pos'd
 Of difficulty or danger could deterre
 Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
 These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike
 To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest
 High honourd sits? Go therefore mighty powers,
 Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n; intend at home,
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease
 The present misery, and render Hell
 More tollerable; if there be cure or charm
 To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
 Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
 Deliverance for us all: this enterprize

None

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, least from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
470 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they feard ;
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure then his voice
Forbidding ; and at once with him they rose ;
Thir rising all at once was as the sound
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone ; and as a God
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n :
480 Nor fail'd they to exprefs how much they prais'd,
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own : for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Loose all thir vertue ; least bad men should boast
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnisht o're with zeal.
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark
Ended rejoycing in thir matchless Chief :
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the North wind sleeps, o'respread
490 Heav'ns chearful face, the lowring Element
Scowls ore the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre ;
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
The birds thir notes renew, and bleating herds
Attest thir joy, that hill and valley rings.
O shame to men ! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds, men onely disagree

Of

Paradise lost. Book 2.

Of Creatures rational, though under hope Of heavenly Grace : and God proclaiming peace, Yet live in hatred, enmitie, and strife Among themselves, and levie cruel warres, Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy : As if (which might induce us to accord) Man had not hellish foes anow besides, That day and night for his destruction waite.	500
--	-----

The <i>Stygian</i> Councel thus dissolv'd ; and forth In order came the grand infernal Peers, Midst came thir mighty Paramount, and seemd Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream, And God-like imitated State ; him round A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd With bright imblazonrie, and horrent Arms.	510
---	-----

Then of thir Session ended they bid cry With Trumpets regal sound the great result : Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim Put to thir mouths the founding Alchymie By Haralds voice explain'd : the hollow Abyfs Heard farr and wide, and all the host of Hell With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.	520
---	-----

Thence more at ease thir minds and somewhat rais'd
 By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
 Disband, and wandring, each his severall way
 Pursues, as inclination or fad choice
 Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
 The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
 Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime
 Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

- 530 As at th' Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields ;
Part curb thir fierie Steeds, or shun the Goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted Brigads form.
As when to warn proud Cities warr appears
Wag'd in the troubl'd Skie, and Armies rush
To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
Prie forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir spears
Till thickest Legions close ; with feats of Arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
Others with vast *Typhaean* rage more fell
540 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar.
As when *Arcides* from *Oealia* Crown'd
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots *Theffalian* Pines,
And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw
Into th' *Euboic* Sea. Others more milde,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes Angelical to many a Harp
Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall
550 By doom of Battel ; and complain that Fate
Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
Thir song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing ?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)
Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
560 Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.

Of

Paradise lost. Book 2.

Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie :
Yet with a pleasing forcerie could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest
With stubborn patience as with triple steel.
Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands, 570
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps
Might yeild them easier habitation, bend
Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams ;
Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,
Sad *Acheron* of sorrow, black and deep ;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the ruful stream ; fierce *Phlegeton* 580
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Farr off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the River of Oblivion rouses
Her watrie Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
Lies dark and wilde, beat with perpetual storms
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems 590
Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice,
A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog
Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,

Where

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Where Armies whole have sunk : the parching Air
Burns froze, and cold performs th' effect of Fire.
Thither by harpy-footed Furies hail'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought : and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
600 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
Thir soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound
Both to and fro, thir sorrow to augment,
And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
The tempting stream, with one small drop to loose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and so neer the brink ;
610 But fate withstands, and to oppose th' attempt
Medusa with *Gorgonian* terror guards
The Ford, and of it self the water flies
All taste of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, th' adventurous Bands
With shuddring horror pale, and eyes agast
View'd first thir lamentable lot, and found
No rest : through many a dark and drearie Vaile
They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
620 O're many a Frozen, many a Fierie Alpe,
Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of
A Universe of death, which God by curse (death,
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abomi-

Paradise lost. Book 2.

Abominable, inutterable, and worfe
Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630
Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight; som times
He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,
Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soares
Up to the fiery concave towering high.

As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd
Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds
Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Iles
Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
Thir spicie Drugs: they on the trading Flood 640
Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape

Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd
Farr off the flying Fiend: at last appeer
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
And thrice threefold the Gates; three folds were
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock, (Brass,
Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;

The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair, 650
But ended foul in many a scaly fould
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
With mortal sting: about her middle round
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal: yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her woomb,

And

Book. 2. *Paradise lost.*

660 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen. Farr less abhorrd then these
Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse *Trinacrian* shore :
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the Air she comes
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipses at thir charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,
670 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either ; black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful Dart ; what seem'd his head
The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The Monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd ; God and his Son except,
Created thing naught vallu'd he nor shun'd ;
680 And with disdainful look thus first began.

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee :
Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply'd,
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou hee,

Who

Paradise lost. Book 2.

Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then 690
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Sons
Conjur'd against the highest, for which both Thou
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain?
And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doomd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings, 700
Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart
Strange horror seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the grieſlie terrour, and in ſhape,
So ſpeaking and ſo threatning, grew ten fold
More dreadful and deform: on th' other ſide
Incenc't with indignation *Satan* ſtood
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
In th' Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair 710
Shakes Peſtilence and Warr. Each at the Head
Level'd his deadly aime; thir fatall hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend, and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at th' other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav'ns Artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the *Caspian*, then ſtand front to front
Hov'ring a ſpace, till Winds the ſignal blow
To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air:
So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at thir frown, ſo matcht they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like 720

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the Snakie Sorcerers that sat
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

730 O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart
Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom ;
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd :

740 So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends ; till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son ?
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable then him and thee.

750 T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd ;
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy against Heav'ns King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm

In

Paradise lost. Book 2.

In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung : amazement seisd
All th' Host of Heav'n ; back they recoild affraid
At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign
760 Portentous held me ; but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'st enamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while Warr arose,
And fields were fought in Heav'n ; wherein remaind
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
770 Cleer Victory, to our part los and rout
Through all the Emphyrean : down they fell
Driv'n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven, down
Into this Deep, and in the general fall
I also ; at which time this powerful Key
Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass
Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown
780 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that with fear and pain
Distorted, all my nether shape thus grew
Transform'd : but he my inbred enemy

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart
Made to destroy : I fled, and cry'd out *Death* ;
Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd
From all her Caves, and back resounded *Death*.
790 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,
Inflam'd with lust then rage) and swifter far,
Me overtook his mother all dismaid,
And in embraces forcible and foule
Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
To me, for when they list into the womb
That bred them they return, and howle and gnaw
800 My Bowels, their repast ; then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
That rest or intermission none I find.
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,
And me his Parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involvd ; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter Morfel, and his bane,
When ever that shall be ; so Fate pronounc'd.
810 But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun
His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist.
She finish'd, and the suttle Fiend his lore
Soon learnd, now milder, and thus answerd smooth.
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,
And

Paradise lost. *Book 2.*

And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire 820
Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know (change
I come no enemy, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host
Of Spirits that in our just pretences arm'd
Fell with us from on high: from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immense
To search with wandring quest a place foretold 830
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broiles: Be this or aught
Then this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death 840
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both seemd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a gastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe
Destin'd to that good hour: no less rejoyc'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire.

The

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

850 The key of this infernal Pit by due,
And by command of Heav'ns all-powerful King
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These Adamantine Gates; against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'rematcht by living might.
But what ow I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,
To sit in hateful Office here confin'd,
860 Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nlie-born,
Here in perpetual agonie and pain,
With terrors and with clamors compasst round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed:
Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
My being gav'st me; whom should I obey
But thee, whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and blifs, among
The Gods who live at ease, where I shall Reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
870 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took;
And towards the Gate rousing her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,
Which but her self not all the *Stygian* powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
Of massie Iron or sordid Rock with ease
Unfast'ns: on a sudden op'n flie
880 With impetuous recoile and jarring sound
Th' infernal dores, and on thir hinges great

Harsh

Paradise lost. Book 2.

Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of *Erebus*. She op'nd, but to shut
Excel'd her power; the Gates wide op'n stood,
That with extended wings a Bannerd Host
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array;
So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
Before thir eyes in sudden view appear 890
The secrets of the hoarie deep, a dark
Illimitable Ocean without bound, (highth,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
And time and place are lost; where eldest Night
And *Chaos*, Ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal *Anarchie*, amidst the noise
Of endless warrs, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
Strive here for Maistrie, and to Battel bring
Thir embryon Atoms; they around the flag 900
Of each his faction, in thir several Clanns,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or flow,
Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands
Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid foil,
Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise
Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
Hee rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,
And by decision more imbroiles the fray
By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wilde Abyss, 910
The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt

Con-

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th'Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more Worlds,
Into this wilde Abyss the warie fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pondering his Voyage ; for no narrow frith
920 He had to cross. Nor was his eare less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) then when *Bellona* storms,
With all her battering Engines bent to rase
Som Capital City, or less then if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
In mutinie had from her Axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
930 As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides
Audacious, but that feat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuitie : all unawares
Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft : that furie stay'd,
Quencht in a Boggie *Syrtis*, neither Sea,
940 Nor good dry Land : nigh founderd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying ; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.
As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,
Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by steth

Had

Paradise lost. Book 2.

<p>Had from his wakeful custody purloind The guarded Gold : So eagerly the fiend Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare, With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way, And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies : At length a universal hubbub wilde Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare With loudest vehemence : thither he plyes, Undaunted to meet there what ever power Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyfs Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask Which way the neereſt coast of darkneſs lyes Bordering on light ; when ſtrait behold the Throne Of <i>Chaos</i>, and his dark Pavilion ſpread Wide on the waſteful Deep ; with him Enthron'd Sat Sable-veſted Night, eldeſt of things, The confort of his Reign ; and by them ſtood <i>Orcus</i> and <i>Ades</i>, and the dreaded name Of <i>Demogorgon</i> ; Rumor next and Chance, And Tumult and Confuſion all imbroild, And Diſcord with a thouſand various mouths.</p>	<p>950</p> <p>960</p>
<p>T' whom <i>Satan</i> turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers And Spirits of this nethermoſt Abyfs, <i>Chaos</i> and <i>ancient Night</i>, I come no Spie, With purpoſe to explore or to diſturb The ſecrets of your Realm, but by constraint Wandring this darkſome deſart, as my way Lies through your ſpacious Empire up to light, Alone, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek What readieſt path leads where your gloomie Conſine with Heav'n ; or if ſom other place (bounds</p>	<p>970</p>

H
From

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

980 From your Dominion won, th' Ethereal King
Possesses lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound, direct my course ;
Directed, no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that Region lost,
All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey) and once more
Erect the Standerd there of *ancient Night* ;
Yours be th' advantage all, mine the revenge.
Thus *Satan* ; and him thus the Anarch old
With faultring speech and visage incompos'd
990 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head against Heav'ns King, though over-
I saw and heard, for such a numerous host (thrown.
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded ; and Heav'n Gates
Poured out by millions her victorious Bands
Pursuing. I upon my Frontieres here
Keep residence ; if all I can will serve,
1000 That little which is left so to defend
Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles
Weakning the Scepter of old Night : first Hell
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath ;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World
Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain
To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell :
If that way be your walk, you have not farr ;
So much the neerer danger ; goe and speed ;
Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He

Paradise lost. Book. 2.

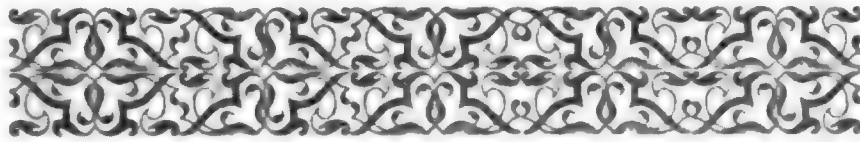
He ceas'd ; and <i>Satan</i> staid not to reply,	1010
But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,	
With fresh alacritie and force renew'd	
Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire	
Into the wilde expanse, and through the shock	
Of fighting Elements, on all sides round	
Environ'd wins his way ; harder beset	
And more endanger'd, then when <i>Argo</i> pass'd	
Through <i>Bosporus</i> betwixt the jostling Rocks :	
Or when <i>Ulysses</i> on the Larbord shunn'd	
<i>Charybdis</i> , and by th' other whirlpool steard.	1020
So he with difficulty and labour hard	
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee ;	
But hee once past, soon after when man fell,	
Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain	
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,	
Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way	
Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf	
Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length	
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe	
Of this frail World ; by which the Spirits perverse	1030
With easie intercourse pass to and fro	
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom	
God and good Angels guard by special grace.	
But now at last the sacred influence	
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n	
Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night	
A glimmering dawn ; here Nature first begins	
Her fardest verge, and <i>Chaos</i> to retire	
As from her outmost works a brok'n foe	
With tumult less and with less hostile din,	1040
That <i>Satan</i> with less toil, and now with ease	

Book 2. *Paradise lost.*

1050 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn ;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leasure to behold
Farr off th' Empyrean Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermined square or round,
With Opal Towers and Battlements adorn'd
Of living Sapphire, once his native Seat ;
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
This pendant world, in bigness as a Starr
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a curst hour he hies.

The End of the Second Book.

P A R A -



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK III.



Ail holy light, ofspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
May I exprefs thee unblam'd? fince God is
(light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright effence increate.
Or hear'ft thou rather pure Ethereal ftream,
Whofe Fountain who fhall tell? before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didft inveft
The rifing world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formlefs infinite.
Thee I re-vifit now with bolder wing,
Escap't the *Stygian* Pool, though long detain'd
In that obfcure fojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darknefs borne
With

Book. 3. *Paradise lost.*

With other notes then to th' *Orphean* Lyre
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
20 The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs,
Or dim suffusion veild. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Cleer Spring, or shadie Grove, or Sunnie Hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song ; but chief
30 Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath
That wash thy hallowd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit : nor somtimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*,
And *Tirefias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntarie move
Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling, and in shadieft Covert hid
40 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
But cloud in stead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the chearful waies of men
Cut off, and for the Book of knowledg fair
Presented with a Universal blanc

Of

Paradise lost. Book 3.

Of Natures works to mee expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdome at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou Celestial light
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High Thron'd above all highth, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view :
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as Starrs, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utterance ; on his right
The radiant image of his Glory sat,
His onely Son ; On Earth he first beheld
Our two first Parents, yet the onely two
Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love
In blisful solitude ; he then survey'd
Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake.

Onely begotten Son, feeft thou what rage
Transports

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

Transports our adverfarie, whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyfs
Wide interrupt can hold ; so bent he seems
On desperat revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head. And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created World,
90 And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By som false guile pervert ; and shall pervert ;
For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,
And easily transgresses the sole Command,
Sole pledge of his obedience : So will fall
Hee and his faithless Progenie : whose fault ?
Whose but his own ? ingrate, he had of mee
All he could have ; I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
100 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who stood & them who faild ;
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere
Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,
Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,
Not what they would ? what praise could they re-
What pleasure I from such obedience paid, (ceive ?
When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoild,
110 Made passive both, had servd necessitie,
Not mee. They therefore as to right belongd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse

Thir

Paradise lost. Book 3.

Thir maker, or thir making, or thir Fate ; As if Predestination over-rul'd Thir will, dispos'd by absolute Decree Or high foreknowledge ; they themselves decreed Thir own revolt, not I : if I foreknew, Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault, Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown. So without least impulse or shadow of Fate, Or aught by me immutable foreseen, They trespass, Authors to themselves in all Both what they judge and what they choose ; for so I form'd them free, and free they must remain, Till they enthrall themselves : I else must change Thir nature, and revoke the high Decree Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd Thir freedom, they themselves ordain'd thir fall. The first sort by thir own suggestion fell, Self-tempted, self-deprav'd : Man falls deceiv'd By the other first : Man therefore shall find grace, The other none : in Mercy and Justice both, Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glorie excel, But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.	120
Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd : Beyond compare the Son of God was seen Most glorious, in him all his Father shon Substantially express'd, and in his face Divine compassion visibly appeard, Love without end, and without measure Grace, Which uttering thus he to his Father spake. O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd	130
I	140 Thy

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

Thy sovran sentence, that Man should find grace;
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
150 For should Man finally be lost, should Man
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joynd
With his own folly? that be from thee farr,
That farr be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgest onely right.
Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
160 Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence.
To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
170 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed:
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely voutsaft; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd

By

Paradise lost. Book. 3.

By sin to foul exorbitant desires ;
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me ow
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest ; so is my will :
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warnd
Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incens'd Deitie, while offerd grace
Invites ; for I will cleer thir senses dark,
What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endevord with sincere intent,
Mine care shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste ;
But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall ;
And none but such from mercy I exclude.
But yet all is not don ; Man disobeying,
Disloyal breaks his fealtie, and sinns
Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n,
Affecting God-head, and so loosing all,
To expiate his Treason hath naught left,
But to destruction sacred and devote,

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

210 He with his whole posteritie must die,
Die hee or Justice must ; unless for him
Som other able, and as willing, pay
The rigid satisfaction, death for death.
Say Heav'nly Powers, where shall we find such love,
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Mans mortal crime, and just th' unjust to save,
Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare ?
He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,
And silence was in Heav'n : on mans behalf
Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,
220 Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,
His dearest mediation thus renewd.
Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace ;
And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
The speediest of thy winged messengers,
230 To visit all thy creatures, and to all
Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unsought,
Happie for man, so coming ; he her aide
Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;
Attonement for himself or offering meet,
Indebted and undon, hath none to bring :
Behold mee then, mee for him, life for life
I offer, on mee let thine anger fall ;
Account mee man ; I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom, and this glorie next to thee
240 Freely put off, and for him lastly die

Well

Paradise lost. Book 3.

Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage ;
Under his gloomie power I shall not long
Lie vanquisht ; thou hast givn me to possess
Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,
Though now to Death I yeild, and am his due
All that of me can die, yet that debt paid,
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave
His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soule
For ever with corruption there to dwell ;
But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue
My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile ;
Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop
Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.

I through the ample Air in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave :
Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
And reconcilement ; wrauth shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shon
Filial obedience : as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend
won-

Book. 3. *Paradise lost.*

Wondring ; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd :
O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear,
To me are all my works, nor Man the least
Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
280 By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost.
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeeme,
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joine ;
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
By wondrous birth : Be thou in *Adams* room
The Head of all mankind, though *Adams* Son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee
As from a second root shall be restor'd,
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
290 His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,
And dying rise, and rising with him raise
His Brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
So Heav'nly love shal outdoo Hellish hate,
Giving to death, and dying to redeeme,
300 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate
So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
Mans Nature, less'n or degrade thine owne.

Because

Paradise lost. Book 3.

Because thou hast, though 'Thron'd in highest bliss
Equal to God, and equally enjoying
God-like fruition, quitted all to save
A World from utter loss, and hast been found
By Merit more then Birthright Son of God,
Found worthiest to be so by being Good,
Farr more then Great or High; because in thee
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds,
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne;
Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne
Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
Anointed universal King; all Power
I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
Thy Merits; under thee as Head Supream
Thrones, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce:
All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell;
When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
Shalt in the Skie appeer, and from thee send
The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime
Thy dread Tribunal: forthwith from all Windes
The living, and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past Ages to the general Doom
Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.
Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge
Bad men and Angels, they arraignd shall sink
Beneath thy Sentence; Hell, her numbers full,
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring
New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall
And after all thir tribulations long (dwell
See

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,
340 For regal Scepter then no more shall need,
God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee.

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all
The multitude of Angels with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd
Th' eternal Regions: lowly reverent
350 Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence
To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,
And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heav'n
Rowls o're *Elisian* Flours her Amber stream;
360 With these that never fade the Spirits Elect
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble sweet
Of charming symphonie they introduce

Their

Paradise lost. Book 3.

Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high ;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine 370
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

 Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King ; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer, 380
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes.

 Thee next they sang of all Creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance, without cloud
Made visible, th'Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no Creature can behold ; on thee
Imprest the effulgence of his Glorie abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.

 Hee Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein 390
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th' aspiring Dominations : thou that day
Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare,
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook
Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o're the necks
Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid.

 Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime
Thee only extold, Son of thy Fathers might,
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
Not so on Man ; him through their malice fall'n, 400

K

Father

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

Father of Mercie and Grace, thou didst not doome
So strictly, but much more to pitie encline :
No sooner did thy dear and onely Son
Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
So strictly, but much more to pitie enclin'd,
He to appease thy wrauth, and end the strife
Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,
Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat
Second to thee, offerd himself to die
410 For mans offence. O unexempl'd love,
Love no where to be found less then Divine !
Hail Son of God, Saviour of Men, thy Name
Shall be the copious matter of my Song
Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise
Forget, nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine.
Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,
Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent.
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
Of this round World, whose first convex divides
420 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd
From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darknes old,
Satan alighted walks : a Globe farr off
It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent
Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms
Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement skie ;
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
Though distant farr som small reflection gains
Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud :
430 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.
As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,
Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,

Dif-

Paradise lost.

Book 3.

Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the
Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams; (Springs
But in his way lights on the barren plains
Of *Sericana*, where *Chineſes* drive

With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggon's light :

So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend

Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,

Alone, for other Creature in this place

Living or liveless to be found was none,

None yet, but store hereafter from the earth

Up hither like Aereal vapours flew

Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin

With vanity had filld the works of men :

Both all things vain, and all who in vain things

Built thir fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,

Or happiness in this or th' other life ;

All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits

Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,

Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find

Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds ;

All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,

Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,

Diffolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,

Till final dissolution, wander here, (dreamd ;

Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have

Those argent Fields more likely habitants,

Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold

Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde :

Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born

First from the ancient World those Giants came

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

With many a vain exploit, though then renownd :
The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain
Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain designe
New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build :
Others came single ; hee who to be deemd
470 A God, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames,
Empedocles, and hee who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryo's and Idiots, Eremites and Friers
White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie.
Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to seek
In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n ;
And they who to be sure of Paradise
Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,
480 Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd ;
They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,
And that CrySTALLINE Sphear whose ballance weighs
The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd ;
And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'ns Wicket seems
To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot
Of Heav'ns ascent they lift thir Feet, when loe
A violent cross wind from either Coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry
Into the devious Air ; then might ye see
490 Cowles, Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost
And flutterd into Raggs, then Reliques, Beads,
Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,
The sport of Winds : all these upwhirld aloft
Fly o're the backside of the World farr off
Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since calld
The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown

Long

Paradise lost. Book 3.

Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod ;
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,
And long he wanderd, till at last a gleame
Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste
His travell'd steps ; farr distant hee descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high,
At top whereof, but farr more rich appeerd
The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate
With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold
Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gemmes
The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth
By Model, or by shading Pencil drawn.
The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw
Angels ascending and descending, bands
Of Guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled
To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,
Dreaming by night under the open Skie,
And waking cri'd, This is the Gate of Heav'n.
Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
There alwaies, but drawn up to Heav'n somtimes
Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd
Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearle, whereon
Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,
Wafted by Angels, or flew o're the Lake
Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.
The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare
The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.
Direct against which op'nd from beneath,
Just o're the blisful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

50 Wider by farr then that of after-times
Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,
Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordans* flood
To *Bëersaba*, where the *Holy Land*
Borders on *Ægypt* and the *Arabian* shoare ;
So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.
540 *Satan* from hence now on the lower stair
That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
Through dark and desert wayes with peril gone
All night ; at last by break of chearful dawne
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some forein land
First-seen, or some renown'd Metropolis
550 With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams.
Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd
At sight of all this World beheld so faire.
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling Canopie
Of Nights extended shade ; from Eastern Point
Of *Libra* to the fleecie Starr that bears
Andromeda farr off *Atlantick* Seas
560 Beyond th' *Horizon* ; then from Pole to Pole

He

Paradise lost. Book 3.

He views in bredth, and without longer pause
 Down right into the Worlds first Region throws
 His flight precipitant, and windes with ease
 Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,
 Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles,
 Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam'd of old,
 Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,
 Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there 570
 He stayd not to enquire: above them all
 The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven
 Allur'd his eye: Thither his course he bends
 Through the calm Firmament; but up or downe
 By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
 Or Longitude, where the great Luminarie
 Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick,
 That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses Light from farr; they as they move
 Thir Sarry dance in numbers that compute (Lamp 580
 Days, months, and years, towards his all-cheering
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turnd
 By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The Univers, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep:
 So wondrously was set his Station bright.
 There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe
 Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw. 590
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal or Stone;
 Not

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

Not all parts like, but all alike informd
Which radiant light, as glowing Iron with fire ;
If mettall, part seemd Gold, part Silver cleer ;
If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,
Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon
In *Aarons* Brest-plate, and a stone besides
Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen,
610 That stone, or like to that which here below
Philosophers in vain so long have sought,
In vain, though by thir powerful Art they binde
Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound
In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,
Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme.
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run
Potable Gold, when with one vertuous touch
Th' Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote
620 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare ?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazl'd, farr and wide his eye commands,
For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon
Culminate from th' *Æquator*, as they now
Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,
630 No where so cleer, sharp'nd his vifual ray
To objects distant farr, whereby he soon
Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun :
His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid ;

Of

Paradise lost. Book 3.

Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar
Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind
Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round; on som great charge imploy'd
Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep.

Glad was the Spirit impure; as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandring flight
To Paradise the happie seat of Man,

640

His journies end and our beginning woe.
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay:

And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd;

650

Under a Coronet his flowing haire
In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.

He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,
Admonisht by his care, and strait was known
Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n

Who in Gods presence, neere to his Throne
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes

660

That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th'
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry, (Earth
O're Sea and Land: him *Satan* thus accostes.

Uriel, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand
In sight of Gods high Throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will

L

Inter-

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend ;
And here art likeliest by supream decree
670 Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye
To visit oft this new Creation round ;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordaind,
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell
In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
680 But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell ;
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestowd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powrd ;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Universal Maker we may praise ;
Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss
Created this new happie Race of Men
690 To serve him better : wise are all his wayes.
So spake the false dissembler unperceivd ;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth :
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdoms Gate, and to simplicitie
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where

Paradise lost. Book. 3.

Where no ill seems: Which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n;
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule
In his uprightness answer thus returnd.
Faire Angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorifie
The great Work-Maister, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy Empyrean Mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
Contented with report heare onely in heav'n:
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance alwayes with delight;
But what created mind can comprehend
Thir number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid thir causes deep.
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,
This worlds material mould, came to a heap:
Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung:
Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move;
Each had his place appointed, each his course,

L 2

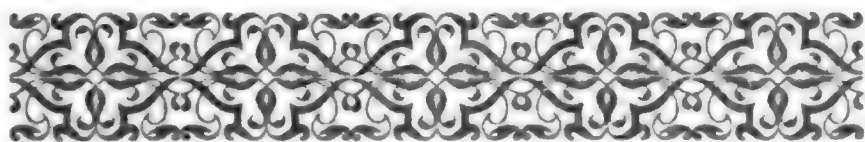
The

Book 3. *Paradise lost.*

The rest in circuit walles this Universe.
Look downward on that Globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring
(So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide (Moon
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing through mid Heav'n,
With borrowd light her countenance triform
740 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night.
That spot to which I point is *Paradise*,
Adams abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.
Thus said, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing low,
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
750 Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,
Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

The End of the Third Book.

P A R A -



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.



For that warning voice, which he who saw
Th' *Apocalyps*, heard cry in Heaven aloud,
Then when the Dragon, put to second rout,
Came furious down to be reveng'd on men,
Wo to the inhabitants on Earth! that now,
While time was, our first Parents had bin warnd
The coming of thir secret foe, and scap'd
Haply so scap'd his mortal snare; for now
Satan, now first inflam'd with rage, came down,
The Tempter ere th' Accuser of man-kind,
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first Battel, and his flight to Hell:
Yet not rejoycing in his speed, though bold,
Far off and fearless, nor with cause to boast,
Begins his dire attempt, which nigh the birth
Now rowling, boiles in his tumultuous brest,
And like a devillish Engine back recoiles

10

Upon

Book. 4. *Paradise lost.*

20 Upon himself; horror and doubt distract
His troubl'd thoughts, and from the bottom stirr
The Hell within him, for within him Hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more then from himself can fly
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair
That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad, (Sun,
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing
30 Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre:
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.

O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd,
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs
Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;
40 Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King:
Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less then to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high

Paradise lost. Book 4.

I deind subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome, still paying, still to ow;
Forgetful what from him I still receivd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and dischargd; what burden then?
O had his powerful Destiny ordaind
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood
Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? som other Power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou then or what to ac-
But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all? (cuse,
Be then his Love accurst, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable! which way shall I flie
Infinite wrauth, and infinite despaire?
Which way I flie is Hell; my self am Hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide,
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
O then at last relent: is there no place
Left for Repentance, none for Pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word

Disdain

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the Spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises and other vaunts
Then to submit, boasting I could subdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ay me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vaine,
Under what torments inwardly I groane :
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell,
90 With Diadem and Scepter high advanc't
The lower still I fall, onely supream
In miserie ; such joy Ambition findes.
But say I could repent and could obtaine
By Act of Grace my former state ; how soon
Would highth recal high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore: ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilment grow (deep :
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so
100 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall : so should I purchase deare
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher ; therefore as farr
From granting hee, as I from begging peace :
All hope excluded thus, behold in stead
Of us out-cast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this World.
So farwel Hope, and with Hope farwel Fear,
Farwel Remorse : all Good to me is lost ;
110 Evil be thou my Good ; by thee at least
Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold
By thee, and more then half perhaps will reigne ;
As Man ere long, and this new World shall know.
Thus

Paradise lost. Book 4.

Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,
Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betraid
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld.

For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule
Are ever cleer. Whereof hee soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme, 120
Artificer of fraud; and was the first

That practis'd falshood under faintly shew,
Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge:
Yet not anough had practis'd to deceive
Uriel once warnd; whose eye pursu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' *Affyrian* mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall
Spirit of happie sort: his gestures fierce
He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone, 130
As he suppos'd, all unobserv'd, unseen.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of *Eden*, where delicious *Paradise*,
Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides
With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wilde,
Access deni'd; and over head up grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm,
A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend 140
Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre

Of stateliest view. Yet higher then thir tops
The verdurous wall of *Paradise* up sprung:
Which to our general Sire gave prospect large
Into his neather Empire neighbouring round.

M

And

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

And higher then that Wall a circling row
Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,
Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt :
150 On which the Sun more glad impress'd his beams
Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God hath showrd the earth; so lovely seemd
That Lantskip: And of pure now purer aire
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales
Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmie spoiles. As when to them who saile
160 Beyond the *Cape of Hope*, and now are past
Mozambic, off at Sea North-East windes blow
*Sabea*n Odours from the spicie shoare
Of *Arabie* the blest, with such delay (League
Well pleas'd they slack thir course, and many a
Cheard with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles.
So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend
Who came thir bane, though with them better
Then *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume, (pleas'd
That drove him, though enamour'd, from the Spouse
170 Of *Tobits* Son, and with a vengeance sent
From *Media* post to *Ægypt*, there fast bound.
Now to th' ascent of that steep savage Hill
Satan had journied on, pensive and slow ;
But further way found none, so thick entwinn'd,
As one continu'd brake, the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext
All path of Man or Beast that past that way :

Paradise lost. Book 4.

One Gate there onely was, and that look'd East
On th' other side : which when th' arch-fellon saw
Due entrance he disdaind, and in contempt,
At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
Of Hill or highest Wall, and sheer within
Lights on his feet. As when a prowling Wolfe,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eve
In hurdld Cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o're the fence with ease into the Fould :
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash
Of some rich Burgher, whose substantial dores,
Cross-barrd and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o're the tiles ;
So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould :
So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.
Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle Tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a Cormorant ; yet not true Life
Thereby regaind, but sat devising Death
To them who liv'd ; nor on the vertue thought
Of that life-giving Plant, but only us'd
For prospect, what well us'd had bin the pledge
Of immortalitie. So little knows
Any, but God alone, to value right
The good before him, but perverts best things
To worst abuse, or to thir meanest use.
Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human sense expos'd
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
A Heaven on Earth : for blisful Paradise
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

210 Of *Eden* planted ; *Eden* stretchd her Line
From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towns
Of great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,
Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before
Dwelt in *Telassar* : in this pleasant soile
His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind ;
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste ;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
220 Of vegetable Gold ; and next to Life
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through *Eden* went a River large, (hill
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie
Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
230 Waterd the Garden ; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appeers,
And now divided into four main Streams,
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme
And Country whereof here needs no account,
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
With mazie error under pendant shades
240 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art

In

Paradise lost. Book 4.

In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc't shade
Imbround the noontide Bows: Thus was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view; (Balme,
Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and
Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde
Hung amiable, *Hesperian* Fables true, 250
If true, here onely, and of delicious taste:
Betwixt them Lawns, or level Downs, and Flocks
Grafing the tender herb, were interpos'd,
Or palmie hilloc, or the flourie lap
Of som irriguous Valley spread her store,
Flours of all hue, and without Thorn the Rose:
Another side, umbrageous Grots and Caves
Of coole recess, o're which the mantling Vine
Layes forth her purple Grape, and gently creeps 260
Luxuriant; mean while murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, disperst, or in a Lake,
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd,
Her chrystall mirror holds, unite thir streams.
The Birds thir quire apply; aires, vernal aires,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while Universal *Pan*
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance
Led on th' Eternal Spring. Not that faire field
Of *Enna*, where *Proserpin* gathring flours
Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis* 270
Was gatherd, which cost *Ceres* all that pain
To seek her through the world; nor that sweet
Of *Daphne* by *Orontes*, and th' inspir'd (Grove
Castalian

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

280 *Castalian* Spring might with this *Paradise*
Of *Eden* strive; nor that *Nyseian* Ile
Girt with the River *Triton*, where old *Cham*,
Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Libyan Jove*,
Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son
Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea's* eye;
Nor where *Abassin* Kings thir issue Guard,
Mount *Amara*, though this by som suppos'd
True *Paradise* under the *Ethiop* Line
By *Nilus* head, enclos'd with shining Rock,
A whole dayes journey high, but wide remote
From this *Affyrian* Garden, where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight, all kind
Of living Creatures new to sight and strange:
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native Honour clad
290 In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all,
And worthie seemd, for in thir looks Divine
The image of thir glorious Maker shon,
Truth, Wisdome, Sanctitude severe and pure,
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac't;
Whence true autoritie in men; though both
Not equal, as thir sex not equal seemd;
For contemplation hee and valour formd,
For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace,
Hee for God only, shee for God in him:
300 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule; and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad:
Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore

Dishe-

Paradise lost. Book 4.

Disheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yeilded, by him best receivd,
Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay. 310

Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame
Of natures works, honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,
And banisht from mans life his happiest life,
Simplicities and spotless innocence.

So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill : 320
So hand in hand they passd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in loves embraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since borne
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*.

Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side
They sat them down, and after no more toil
Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd
To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and made ease
More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite 330
More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,
Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
Yeilded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours :
The favourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream ;
Nor gentle purpose, nor endearing smiles

Wanted,

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

340 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as befeems
Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,
Alone as they. About them frisking playd
All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chase
In Wood or Wilderneys, Forrest or Den ;
Sporting the Lion rampd, and in his paw
Dandl'd the Kid ; Bears, Tygers, Ounces, Pardes
Gambold before them, th' unwieldy Elephant
To make them mirth us'd all his might, & wreathd
His Lithe Proboscis ; close the Serpent fly
Infinuating, wove with Gordian twine
350 His breaded train, and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grafs
Cought, and now fild with pasture gazing fat,
Or Bedward ruminating : for the Sun
Declin'd was hasting now with prone carreer
To th' Ocean Iles, and in th' ascending Scale
Of Heav'n the Starrs that usher Evening rose :
When *Satan* still in gaze, as first he stood,
Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd fad.
O Hell ! what doe mine eyes with grief behold,
Into our room of blifs thus high advanc't
360 Creatures of other mould, earth-born perhaps,
Not Spirits, yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
Little inferior ; whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder, and could love, so lively shines
In them Divine resemblance, and such grace
The hand that formd them on thir shape hath
Ah gentle pair, yee little think how nigh (pound.
Your change approaches, when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe,
More woe, the more your taste is now of joy ;
Happy ;

Paradise lost. Book 4.

Happie, but for so happie ill secur'd
Long to continue, and this high feat your Heav'n
Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
As now is enterd; yet no purpos'd foe
To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne
Though I unpittied: League with you I seek,
And mutual amitie so streight, so close,
That I with you must dwell, or you with me
Henceforth; my dwelling haply may not please
Like this fair Paradise, your sence, yet such
Accept your Makers work; he gave it me,
Which I as freely give; Hell shall unfould,
To entertain you two, her widest Gates,
And send forth all her Kings; there will be room,
Not like these narrow limits, to receive
Your numerous ofspring; if no better place,
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd.
And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this new World, compels me now
To do what else though damnd I should abhorre.
So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds.
Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree
Down he alights among the sportful Herd
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
Now other, as thir shape servd best his end
Neerer to view his prey, and unespied
To mark what of thir state he more might learn
By word or action markt: about them round

A

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,
Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
Whence rushing he might surest seise them both
Grip't in each paw: when *Adam* first of men
To first of women *Eve* thus moving speech,
410 Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance flow.
Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
Dearer thy self then all; needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can performe
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires
420 From us no other service then to keep
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees
In Paradise that beare delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that onely Tree
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,
Som dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou knowst
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signes of power and rule
430 Conferd upon us, and Dominion giv'n
Over all other Creatures that possesse
Earth, Aire, and Sea. Then let us not think hard
One easie prohibition, who enjoy

Free

Paradise lost. Book. 4.

Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights :
But let us ever praise him, and extoll
His bountie, following our delightful task
To prune these growing Plants, & tend these Flours,
Which were it toilsom, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus *Eve* repli'd. O thou for whom 440
And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my Guide
And Head, what thou hast said is just and right.
For wee to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
So farr the happier Lot, enjoying thee
Preeminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thy self canst no where find.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep 450
I first awak't, and found my self repos'd
Under a shade on flours, much wondring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread
Into a liquid Plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n ; I thither went
With unexperienc't thought, and laid me downe
On the green bank, to look into the cleer
Smooth Lake, that to me seem'd another Skie.

As I bent down to look, just opposite, 460
A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd
Bending to look on me, I started back,
It started back, but pleas'd I soon returnd,
Pleas'd it returnd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathie and love, there I had fixt

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warnd me, What thou see'st,
What there thou see'st fair Creature is thy self,
With thee it came and goes : but follow me,
470 And I will bring thee where no shadow staies
Thy coming, and thy soft imbraces, hee
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparablie thine, to him shalt beare
Multitudes like thy self, and thence be call'd
Mother of human Race : what could I doe,
But follow strait, invisibly thus led?
Till I espi'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a Platan, yet methought less faire,
Less winning soft, less amiablie milde,
480 Then that smooth watry image ; back I turnd,
Thou following cryd'st aloud, Return fair *Eve*,
Whom flist thou? whom thou flist, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, neere'st my heart
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear ;
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half : with that thy gentle hand
Seis'd mine, I yeilded, and from that time see
490 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing leand
On our first Father, half her swelling Breast
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her loose tresses hid : he in delight

Both

Paradise lost. Book 4.

Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms
 Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*
 On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the Clouds
 That shed *May* Flowers; and press'd her Matron lip
 With kisses pure: aside the Devil turn'd
 For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.

500

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
 Imparadis't in one anothers arms

The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy thir fill
 Of blis on blis, while I to Hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
 Among our other torments not the least,

510

Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines;
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From thir own mouths; all is not theirs it seems:
 One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidd'n?

Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord
 Envie them that? can it be sin to know,
 Can it be death? and do they onely stand
 By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,
 The proof of thir obedience and thir faith?

520

O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Envious commands, invented with designe
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt
 Equal with Gods; aspiring to be such,
 They taste and die: what likelier can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This Garden, and no corner leave unspi'd;

A

Book. 4. *Paradise lost.*

530 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandering Spirit of Heav'n, by Fountain side,
Or in thick shade retir'd, from him to draw
What further would be learnt. Live while ye may,
Yet happie pair; enjoy, till I return,
Short pleasures, for long woes are to succeed.

So saying, his proud step he scornful turn'd,
But with sly circumspection, and began (roam.
Through wood, through waste, o're hil, o're dale his
Mean while in utmost Longitude, where Heav'n
540 With Earth and Ocean meets, the setting Sun
Slowly descended, and with right aspect
Against the eastern Gate of Paradise
Level'd his evening Rayes: it was a Rock
Of Alabaster, pil'd up to the Clouds,
Conspicuous farr, winding with one ascent
Accessible from Earth, one entrance high;
The rest was craggie cliff, that overhung
Still as it rose, impossible to climbe.

Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat
550 Chief of th' Angelic Guards, awaiting night;
About him exercis'd Heroic Games
Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n, but nigh at hand
Celestial Armourie, Shields, Helmes, and Speares
Hung high with Diamond flaming, and with Gold.
Thither came *Uriel*, gliding through the Eeven
On a Sun beam, swift as a shooting Starr
In *Autumn* thwarts the night, when vapors fir'd
Impress the Air, and shews the Mariner
From what point of his Compass to beware
560 Impetuous winds: he thus began in haste.

Gabriel, to thee thy courf by Lot hath giv'n
Charge

Paradise lost. Book 4.

Charge and strict watch that to this happie place
No evil thing approach or enter in ;
This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare
A Spirit, zealous, as he seem'd, to know
More of th' Almightyes works, and chiefly Man
Gods latest Image : I describ'd his way
Bent all on speed, and markt his Aerie Gate ;
But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North,
Where he first lighted, soon discern'd his looks
Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd :
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him ; one of the banisht crew
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
New troubles ; him thy care must be to find.

570

To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd :
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfet sight,
Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,
See farr and wide : in at this Gate none pass
The vigilance here plac't, but such as come
Well known from Heav'n ; and since Meridian hour
No Creature thence : if Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds
On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal barr.
But if within the circuit of these walks
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou telst, by morrow dawning I shall know.

580

So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge
Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now rais'd
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
Beneath th' *Azores* ; whither the prime Orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd

590

Diurnal,

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend :
Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober Liverie all things clad ;
600 Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale ;
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleas'd : now glow'd the Firmament
With living Saphirs : *Hesperus* that led
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,
And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw.
610 When *Adam* thus to *Eve*: Fair Confort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night to men
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids ; other Creatures all day long
Rove idle unimploid, and less need rest ;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his Dignitie,
620 And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies ;
While other Animals unactive range,
And of thir doings God takes no account.
To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform

Yon

Paradise lost. Book. 4.

Yon flourie Arbors, yonder Allies green,
Our walks at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands then ours to lop thir wanton growth :
Those Blossoms also, and those dropping Gumms,
That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;
Mean while, as Nature wills, Night bids us rest.

630

To whom thus *Eve* with perfet beauty adorn'd.
My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst
Unargu'd I obey ; so God ordains,

God is thy Law, thou mine : to know no more
Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise.

With thee conversing I forget all time,

All seasons and thir change, all please alike.

640

Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,

With charm of earliest Birds ; pleasant the Sun

When first on this delightful Land he spreads

His orient Beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flour,

Glistring with dew ; fragrant the fertil earth

After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on

Of grateful Eevning milde, then silent Night

With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon,

And these the Gemms of Heav'n, her starrie train :

But neither breath of Morn when she ascends

650

With charm of earliest Birds, nor rising Sun

On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, floure,

Glistring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,

Nor grateful Evening mild, nor silent Night

With this her solemn Bird, nor walk by Moon,

Or glittering Starr-light without thee is sweet.

But wherfore all night long shine these, for whom

O

This

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?
To whom our general Ancestor repli'd.
660 Daughter of God and Man, accomplisht *Eve*,
Those have thir course to finish, round the Earth,
By morrow Eevning, and from Land to Land
In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise;
Least total darkness should by Night regaine
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
Of various influence foment and warme,
670 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray.
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise;
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
680 Both day and night: how often from the steep
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to others note
Singing thir great Creator: oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joind, thir songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven.
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd

On

Book 4.

On to thir blisful Bower ; it was a place
Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to mans delightful use ; the roose
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushie shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flour,
Iris all hues, *Roses*, and *Gessamin* (wrought
Rear'd high thir flourish't heads between, and
Mosaic ; underfoot the Violet,
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay (stone
Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with
Of costliest Emblem : other Creature here
Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none ;
Such was thir awe of man. In shadier Bower
More sacred and sequesterd, though but feignd,
Pan or *Silvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,
Nor *Faunus* haunted. Here in close recess
With Flowers, Garlands, and sweet-smelling Herbs
Espoused *Eve* deckt first her Nuptial Bed,
And heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan sung,
What day the genial Angel to our Sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely then *Pandora*, whom the Gods
Endowd with all thir gifts, and O too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser Son
Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes*, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her faire looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole *Joves* authentic fire.
Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turnd, and under op'n Skie ador'd

Book 4 *Paradise lost.*

The God that made both Skie, Air, Earth & Heav'n
Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent Globe
And starrie Pole: Thou also mad'st the Night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the Day,
Which we in our appointed work imployd
Have finisht happie in our mutual help
And mutual love, the Crown of all our blifs
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
730 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race
To fill the Earth, who shall with us extoll
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.
This said unanimous, and other Rites
Observing none, but adoration pure
Which God likes best, into thir inmost bower
Handed they went; and eas'd the putting off
740 These troublefom disguises which wee wear,
Strait side by side were laid, nor turnd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouse, nor *Eve* the Rites
Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd:
Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk
Of puritie and place and innocence,
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to som, leaves free to all.
Our Maker bids increase, who bids abstain
But our Destroyer, foe to God and Man?
750 Haile wedded Love, mysterious Law, true fource
Of human offspring, sole proprietie,
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men

Among

Paradise lost. Book 4.

Among the bestial herds to raunge, by thee
Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known.
Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets,
Whose Bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc't,
Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought smile
Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindeard,
Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours
Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,
Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.
These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing slept,
And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof
Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd. Sleep on,
Blest pair; and O yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more.

760

770

Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie Cone
Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,
And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th' accustomd hour stood armd
To thir night watches in warlike Parade,
When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake.

780

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the South
With strictest watch; these other wheel the North,
Our circuit meets full West. As flame they part
Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear.

From

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

From these, two strong and futtle Spirits he calld
That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge.
Itburriel and *Zephon*, with wingd speed
790 Search through this Garden, leav unfearcht no nook,
But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme.
This Eevning from the Sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought?) e-
The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt: (scap'd
Such where ye find, seife fast, and hither bring.
So saying, on he led his radiant Files,
Daz'ling the Moon; these to the Bower direct
800 In search of whom they sought: him there they
Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of *Eve*; (found
Assaying by his Devilish art to reach
The Organs of her Fancie, and with them forge
Illusions as he list, Phantasms and Dreams,
Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
Th' animal Spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure, thence raise
At least distemperd, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aimes, inordinate desires
381 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride.
Him thus intent *Itburriel* with his Spear
Touch'd lightly; for no falshood can endure
Touch of Celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness: up he starts
Discoverd and surpriz'd. As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder, laid
Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store
Against a rumord Warr, the Smuttie graine

With

Paradise lost. Book 4.

With sudden blaze diffus'd, inflames the Aire : So started up in his own shape the Fiend. Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd So sudden to behold the griev'd King ; Yet thus, unmov'd with fear, accost him soon.	820
---	-----

Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell
Com'st thou, escap'd thy prison, and transform'd,
Why sat'st thou like an enemy in wait
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?

Know ye not then said <i>Satan</i> , fill'd with scorn, Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate For you, there sitting where ye durst not soare ; Not to know mee argues your selves unknown, The lowest of your throng ; or if ye know, Why ask ye, and superfluous begin	830
---	-----

Your message, like to end as much in vain ? To whom thus <i>Zephon</i> , answering scorn with scorn. Think not, revolted Spirit, thy shape the same, Or undiminish'd brightness, to be known As when thou stood'st in Heav'n upright and pure ; That Glorie then, when thou no more wast good, Departed from thee, and thou resembl'st now Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule. But come, for thou, besure, shalt give account To him who sent us, whose charge is to keep This place inviolable, and these from harm.	840
--	-----

So spake the Cherube, and his grave rebuke Severe in youthful beautie, added grace Invincible : abasht the Devil stood, And felt how awful goodness is, and saw Vertue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pin'd His loss ; but chiefly to find here observ'd	850
--	-----

His

Book. 4. *Paradise lost.*

His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seemd
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zephon* bold,
Will save us trial what the least can doe
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.

860 The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,
Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie
He held it vain; awe from above had quell'd
His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding
Just met, & closing stood in Squadron joind (guards
Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
Gabriel from the Front thus call'd aloud.

870 O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimps discern
Ithuriel and *Zephon* through the shade,
And with them comes a third of Regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd
And brief related whom they brought, wher found,
How busied, in what form and posture coucht.

880 To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.
Why hast thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right

To

Paradise lost. Book 4.

To question thy bold entrance on this place ;
 Imploi'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in blifs ?

To whom thus *Satan* with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,
 And such I held thee ; but this question askt
 Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain ?
 Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell, 890
 Though thither doomd ? Thou wouldst thy self, no
 And boldly venture to whatever place (doubt,
 Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to
 Torment with ease, & soonest recompence (change
 Dole with delight, which in this place I fought ;
 To thee no reason ; who knowst only good,
 But evil hast not tri'd : and wilt object
 His will who bound us ? let him surer barr
 His Iron Gates, if he intends our stay
 In that dark durance : thus much what was askt. 900
 The rest is true, they found me where they say ;
 But that implies not violence or harme.

Thus hee in scorn. The warlike Angel mov'd,
 Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd.
 O los of one in Heav'n to judge of wise,
 Since *Satan* fell, whom follie overthrew,
 And now returns him from his prison scap't,
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd ; 910
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain
 However, and to scape his punishment.
 So judge thou still, presumptuous, till the wrauth,
 Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight

P

Seaven-

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

Seavenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to Hell,
Which taught thee yet no better, that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok't.
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
920 Less pain, less to be fled, or thou then they
Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief,
The first in flight from pain, had'st thou alleg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight,
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive.

To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern.
Not that I less endure, or shrink from pain,
Insulting Angel, well thou knowst I stood
Thy fiercest, when in Battel to thy aide
The blasting volied Thunder made all speed
930 And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear.
But still thy words at random, as before,
Argue thy inexperience what behooves
From hard assaies and ill successes past
A faithful Leader, not to hazard all
Through wayes of danger by himself untri'd.
I therefore, I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate Abyss, and spie
This new created World, whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find
940 Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire;
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay Legions dare against;
Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight.

To

Paradise lost. Book. 4.

To whom the warriour Angel soon repli'd.
To say and strait unsay, pretending first
Wife to flie pain, professing next the Spie,
Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't, 950
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head;
Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegeance to th' acknowledg'd Power supream?
And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more then thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd 960
Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne?
But mark what I arreede thee now, avant;
Flie thither whence thou fledst: if from this houre
Within these hallowd limits thou appeer,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chaind,
And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne
The facil gates of hell too slightly barrd.

So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd. 970

Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,
Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then
Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arme, though Heavens King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
Us'd to the yোক, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd.
While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright

Book 4. *Paradise lost.*

980 Turnd fierie red, sharpening in mooned hornes
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field
Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears, which way the wind
Swayes them ; the careful Plowman doubting stands
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves
Prove chaff. On th' other side *Satan* allarm'd
Collecting all his might dilated stood,
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd :
990 His stature reacht the Skie, and on his Crest
Sat horror Plum'd ; nor wanted in his graspe
What seemd both Spear and Shield : now dreadful
Might have ensu'd, nor onely Paradise (deeds
In this commotion, but the Starrie Cope
Of Heav'n perhaps, or all the Elements
At least had gon to rack, disturbd and torne
With violence of this conflict, had not soon
Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales, yet seen
Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe,
1000 Wherein all things created first he weighd,
The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't Aire
In counterpoise, now ponders all events,
Battels and Realms : in these he put two weights
The sequel each of parting and of fight ;
The latter quick up flew, and kickt the beam ;
Which *Gabriel* spying, thus bespake the Fiend.
Satan, I know thy strength, and thou knowst mine,
Neither our own but giv'n ; what follie then
To boast what Arms can doe, since thine no more
1010 Then Heav'n permits, nor mine, though doubld now
To

Paradise lost. Book 4.

To trample thee as mire: for proof look up,
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign (weak,
Where thou art weigh'd, & shown how light, how
If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew
His mounted scale aloft: nor more; but fled
Murmuring, and with him fled the shades of night.

The End of the Fourth Book.

PARA-



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK V.



Ow Morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern
Clime
Advancing, fow'd the Earth with
Orient Pearle,
When *Adam* wak't, so customd, for
his sleep
Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperat vapors bland, which th' only found
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill *Matin* Song
Of Birds on every bough ; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'nd *Eve*
10 With 'Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,
As through unquiet rest : he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,

Shot

Paradise lost. Book 5.

Shot forth peculiar Graces ; then with voice
Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.

20

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
On *Adam*, whom imbracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose,
My Glorie, my Perfection, glad I see
Thy face, and Morn return'd, for I this Night,
Such night till this I never pass'd, have dream'd,
If dream'd, not as I oft am wont, of thee,
Works of day pass't, or morrows next designe,
But of offence and trouble, which my mind
Knew never till this irksom night ; methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice, I thought it thine ; it said,
Why sleepest thou *Eve* ? now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields
To the night-warbling Bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-labor'd song ; now reignes
Full Orb'd the Moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowie sets off the face of things ; in vain,
If none regard ; Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, Natures desire,
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment

30

40

Attracted

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze.
I rose as at thy call, but found thee not ;
To find thee I directed then my walk ;
50 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
Of interdicted Knowledge : fair it seem'd,
Much fairer to my Fancie then by day :
And as I wondring lookt, beside it stood
One shap'd & wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
By us oft seen ; his dewie locks distill'd
Ambrosia ; on that Tree he also gaz'd ;
And O fair Plant, said he, with fruit surcharg'd,
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet,
60 Nor God, nor Man ; is Knowledge so despis'd ?
Or envie, or what reserve forbids to taste ?
Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offerd good, why else set here ?
This said he paus'd not, but with ventrous Arme
He pluckt, he tasted ; mee damp horror chil'd
At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold :
But he thus overjoy'd, O Fruit Divine,
Sweet of thy self, but much more sweet thus cropt,
Forbidd'n here, it seems, as onely fit
70 For Gods, yet able to make Gods of Men :
And why not Gods of Men, since good, the more
Communicated, more abundant growes,
The Author not impair'd, but honourd more ?
Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,
Partake thou also ; happie though thou art,
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be :
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,

But

Paradise lost. Book 5.

But sometimes in the Air, as wee, sometimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou.
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluckt; the pleasant favourie smell
So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the Clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
And various: wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation; suddenly
My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down
And fell asleep; but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night
Related, and thus *Adam* answerd sad.

Best Image of my self and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally ; nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear ;
Yet evil whence ? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure. But know that in the Soule
Are many lesser Faculties that serve
Reason as chief ; among these Fanſie next
Her office holds ; of all external things,
Which the five watchful Senſes repreſent,
She forms Imaginations, Aerie ſhapes,
Which Reason joyning or diſjoyning, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion ; then retires
Into her private Cell when Nature reſts.
Oft in her abſence mimic Fanſie wakes

Q

To

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

To imitate her ; but misjoyning shapes,
Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Som such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last Eevnings talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange ; yet be not fad.
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov'd, and leave
No spot or blame behind : Which gives me hope
120 That what in sleep thou didst abhorr to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do.
Be not disheart'nd then, nor cloud those looks
That wont to be more chearful and serene
Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World,
And let us to our fresh imployments rise
Among the Groves, the Fountains, and the Flours
That open now thir choicest bosom'd smells
Reservd from night, and kept for thee in store.
So cheard he his fair Spouse, and she was cheard,
130 But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her haire ;
Two other precious drops that ready stood,
Each in thir chrystal sluice, hee ere they fell
Kifs'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that feard to have offended.
So all was cleard, and to the Field they haste.
But first from under shadie arborous roof,
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the Sun, who scarce up risen
140 With wheels yet hov'ring o're the Ocean brim,
Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray,
Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East

Of

Paradise lost. Book 5.

Of Paradise and *Edens* happie Plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Thir Orifons, each Morning duly paid
In various style, for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Thir Maker, in fit strains pronounc't or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flowd from thir lips, in Prose or numerous Verse, 150
More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp
To add more sweetness, and they thus began.

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almightie, thine this universal Frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thy self how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitst above these Heavens
To us invisible or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works, yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and Power Divine:
Speak yee who best can tell, ye Sons of light, 160
Angels, for yee behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoycing, yee in Heav'n,
On Earth joyn all yee Creatures to extoll
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare
While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime. 170

Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,
Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high Noon hast gaind, & when thou fallst.

Q 2

Moon,

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

180 Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now flit
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,
And yee five other wandring Fires that move
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
His praise, who out of Darknes call'd up Light.
Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseles change
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,
In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,
190 Whether to deck with Clouds the uncoloured skie,
Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
Breath soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.
Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise;
200 Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk
The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us onely good; and if the night

Have

Paradise lost. Book 5.

Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts
Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm. 210

On to thir mornings rural work they haste
Among sweet dewes and flours; where any row
Of Fruit-trees overwoodie reachd too farr
Thir pamperd boughes, and needed hands to check
Fruitless imbraces: or they led the Vine
To wed her Elm; she spous'd about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her down th' adopted Clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves. Them thus imploid beheld
With pittie Heav'ns high King, and to him call'd 220
Raphael, the sociable Spirit, that deign'd
To travel with *Tobias*, and secur'd

His marriage with the seaventimes-wedded Maid.

Raphael, said hee, thou hear'st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell scap't through the darksome Gulf
Hath raisd in Paradise, and how disturbd
This night the human pair, how he designs
In them at once to ruin all mankind.

Go therefore, half this day as friend with friend
Converse with *Adam*, in what Bowre or shade 230
Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd,
To respite his day-labour with repast,
Or with repose; and such discourse bring on,
As may advise him of his happie state,
Happiness in his power left free to will,
Left to his own free Will, his Will though free,
Yet mutable; whence warne him to beware
He swerve not too secure: tell him withall

His

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

240 His danger, and from whom, what enemy
Late fallen himself from Heav'n, is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss;
By violence, no, for that shall be withstood,
But by deceit and lies; this let him know,
Least wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal, unadmonisht, unforewarn'd.
So spake th' Eternal Father, and fulfilld
All Justice: nor delay'd the winged Saint
After his charge receiv'd; but from among
Thousand Celestial Ardors, where he stood
250 Vaild with his gorgeous wings, up springing light
Flew through the midst of Heav'n; th' angelic Quires
On each hand parting, to his speed gave way
Through all th' Empyrean road; till at the Gate
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden Hinges turning, as by work
Divine the sov'ran Architect had fram'd.
From hence, no cloud, or, to obstruct his sight,
Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining Globes,
260 Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass
Of *Galileo*, less assur'd, observes
Imagined Lands and Regions in the Moon:
Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*
Delos or *Samos* first appearing kenns
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie
Sailes between worlds & worlds, with steddie wing
Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann
270 Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare

Of

Paradise lost. Book 5.

<p>Of Towring Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems A <i>Phœnix</i>, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's Bright Temple, to <i>Ægyptian Theb's</i> he flies. At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise He lights, and to his proper shape returns A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his brest With regal Ornament; the middle pair Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile Skie-tinctur'd grain. Like <i>Maia's</i> son he stood, And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands Of Angels under watch; and to his state, And to his message high in honour rise; For on som message high they guefsd him bound. Thir glittering Tents he pasd, and now is come Into the blisful field, through Groves of Myrrhe, And flouing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme; A Wilderneck of sweets; for Nature here Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet, Wilde above rule or Art; enormous blifs. Him through the spicie Forrest onward com <i>Adam</i> discernd, as in the dore he sat Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun Shot down direct his fervid Raies to warme Earths inmost womb, more warmth then <i>Adam</i> need; And</p>	<p>280</p> <p>290</p> <p>300</p>
---	----------------------------------

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd
For dinner favourie fruits, of taste to please
True appetite, and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between, from milkie stream,
Berrie or Grape: to whom thus *Adam* call'd.

310 Haste hither *Eve*, and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those Trees, what glorious shape
Comes this way moving; seems another Morn
Ris'n on mid-noon; som great behest from Heav'n
To us perhaps he brings, and will voutsafe
This day to be our Guest. But goe with speed,
And what thy stores contain, bring forth and poure
Abundance, fit to honour and receive
Our Heav'nly stranger; well we may afford
Our givers thir own gifts, and large bestow
From large bestowd, where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth, and by disburd'ning grows
320 More fruitful, which instructs us not to spare.

To whom thus *Eve*. *Adam*, earths hallowd mould,
Of God inspir'd, small store will serve, where store,
All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes:
But I will haste and from each bough and break,
Each Plant & juciest Gourd will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel guest, as hee
Beholding shall confesse that here on Earth
330 God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav'n.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuse for delicacie best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix

Tastes,

Paradise lost. Book 5.

Tastes, not well joynd, inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindest change,
Bestirs her then, and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth all-bearing Mother yeilds
In *India* East or West, or middle shoare
In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coast, or where
Alcinous reign'd, fruit of all kindes, in coate,
Rough, or smooth rin'd, or bearded husk, or shell
She gathers, Tribute large, and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand; for drink the Grape
She crushes, inoffensive moult, and meathes
From many a berrie, and from sweet kernels prest
She tempers dulcet creams, nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure, then strews the ground
With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd.
Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet
His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompani'd then with his own compleat
Perfections, in himself was all his state,
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits
On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long
Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Neerer his presence *Adam* though not awd,
Yet with submits approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior Nature, bowing low,
Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by descending from the Thrones above,
Those happie places thou hast deign'd a while
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us
Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess

R

This

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

370 This spacious ground, in yonder shadie Bowre
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.

Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answerd milde.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n
To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre
Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Eevening rise
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge
They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd
380 With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but *Eve*
Undeck't, save with her self more lovely fair
Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile
Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme
Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*
Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd
Long after to blest *Marie*, second *Eve*.

390 Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons
Then with these various fruits the Trees of God
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie turf
Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,
And on her ample Square from side to side
All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;
No fear lest Dinner coole; when thus began
Our Authour. Heav'nly stranger, please to taste
These bounties which our Nourisher, from whom

All

Paradise lost. *Book. 5.*

All perfet good unmeasur'd out, descends,
To us for food and for delight hath caus'd 400
The Earth to yeild; unfavourie food perhaps
To spiritual Natures; only this I know,
That one Celestial Father gives to all.

To whom the Angel. Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual, may of purest Spirits be found
No ingrateful food: and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require
As doth your Rational; and both contain
Within them every lower facultie 410
Of sense, whereby they hear, see, smell, touch, taste,
Tasting concoct, digest, assimilate,
And corporeal to incorporeal turn.

For know, whatever was created, needs
To be sustaind and fed; of Elements
The grosser feeds the purer, earth the sea,
Earth and the Sea feed Air, the Air those Fires
Ethereal, and as lowest first the Moon;
Whence in her visage round those spots, unpurg'd
Vapours not yet into her substance turnd. 420

Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist Continent to higher Orbes.
The Sun that light imparts to all, receives
From all his alimental recompence
In humid exhalations, and at Even
Sups with the Ocean: though in Heav'n the Trees
Of life ambrosial frutage bear, and vines (Morn
Yeild Nectar, though from off the boughs each
We brush mellifluous Dewes, and find the ground
Cover'd with pearly grain: yet God hath here 430

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Varied his bounty so with new delights,
As may compare with Heaven; and to taste
Think not I shall be nice. So down they sat,
And to thir viands fell, nor seemingly
The Angel, nor in mist, the common gloss
Of Theologians, but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger, and concoctive heate
To transubstantiate; what redounds, transpires
Through Spirits with ease; nor wonder; if by fire
440 Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchymist
Can turn, or holds it possible to turn
Metals of drossiest Ore to perfect Gold
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*
Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousy
450 Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.
Thus when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd,
Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose
In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass
Given him by this great Conference to know
Of things above his World, and of thir being
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far
Exceeded human, and his wary speech
460 Thus to th' Empyrean Minister he fram'd.
Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,

Under

Paradise lost. Book 5.

Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
 At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed: yet what com-
 To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd. (pare?

O *Adam*, one Almighty is, from whom
 All things proceed, and up to him return,
 If not deprav'd from good, created all
 Such to perfection, one first matter all,
 Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
 Of substance, and in things that live, of life;
 But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,
 As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending
 Each in thir severall active Sphears assignd,
 Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
 Proportiond to each kind. So from the root (leaves
 Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the
 More aerie, last the bright consummate floure
 Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit
 Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd
 To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,
 To intellectual, give both life and sense,
 Fantasie and understanding, whence the soule
 Reason receives, and reason is her being,
 Discurfive, or Intuitive; discourse
 Is ofttest yours, the latter most is ours,
 Differing but in degree, of kind the same.
 Wonder not then, what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not, but convert, as you,
 To proper substance; time may come when men
 With Angels may participate, and find

470

480

490

No

Book. 5. *Paradise lost.*

No inconvenient Diet, nor too light Fare :
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit,
Improv'd by tract of time, and wingd ascend
Ethereal, as wee, or may at choice
500 Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell ;
If ye be found obedient, and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whose progenie you are. Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happie state
Can comprehend, incapable of more.
To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd.
O favourable spirit, propitious guest,
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge, and the scale of Nature set
510 From center to circumference, whereon
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God. But say,
What meant that caution joind, *if ye be found
Obedient ?* can wee want obedience then
To him, or possibly his love desert
Who formd us from the dust, and plac'd us here
Full to the utmost measure of what blifs
Human desires can seek or apprehend ?
To whom the Angel. Son of Heav'n and Earth,
520 Attend : That thou art happie, owe to God ;
That thou continu'st such, owe to thy self,
That is, to thy obedience ; therein stand.
This was that caution giv'n thee ; be advis'd.
God made thee perfect, not immutable ;
And good he made thee, but to persevere
He left it in thy power, ordaind thy will

By

Book 5.

530

540

550

Had

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

560 Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.

Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*
After short pause assenting, thus began.

High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits
Of warring Spirits; how without remorse
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfet while they stood; how last unfould
The secrets of another world, perhaps
570 Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best, though what if Earth
Be but the shaddow of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?

As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wilde
Reignd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth
Upon her Center pois'd, when on a day (now rests
580 (For Time, though in Eternitie, appli'd
To motion, measures all things durable
By present, past, and future) on such day
As Heav'ns great Year brings forth, th' Empyreal
Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd, (Host
Innumerable before th' Almightyes Throne
Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright
Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd,
Standards, and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
590 Streame in the Aire, and for distinction serve

Of

Paradise lost. *Book. 5.*

Of Hierarchies, of Orders, and Degrees ;
Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy Memorials, acts of Zeale and Love
Recorded eminent. Thus when in Orbes
Of circuit inexpressible they stood,
Orb within Orb, the Father infinite,
By whom in blis inbosom'd sat the Son,
A midst as from a flaming Mount, whoseop
Brightness had made invisible, thus spake.

Hear all ye Angels, Progenie of Light, (ers, 600
Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow-
Hear my Decree, which unrevok't shall stand.

This day I have begot whom I declare
My onely Son, and on this holy Hill
Him have anointed, whom ye now behold
At my right hand ; your Head I him appoint ;
And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in Heav'n, and shall confesse him Lord :
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide
United as one individual Soule

610

For ever happie : him who disobeyes
Mee disobeyes, breaks union, and that day
Cast out from God and blessed vision, falls
Into utter darkness, deep ingulft, his place
Ordaind without redemption, without end.

So spake th' Omnipotent, and with his words
All seemd well pleas'd, all seem'd, but were not all.
That day, as other solem dayes, they spent
In song and dance about the sacred Hill,
Mystical dance, which yonder starrie Spheare
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles
Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,

620

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Eccentric, intervolv'd, yet regular
Then most, when most irregular they seem :
And in thir motions harmonie Divine
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
Listens delighted. Eevning approachd
(For we have also our Eevning and our Morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
630 Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows :
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.
They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet
Are fill'd, before th' all bounteous King, who
With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy. (showrd
Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd
640 From that high mount of God, whence light & shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had changd
To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there
In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos'd
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr
Then all this globous Earth in Plain outspred,
(Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng
Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend
By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
650 Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,
Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept (course
Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in thir
Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne
Alternate all night long : but not so wak'd

Satan,

Paradise lost. Book 5.

Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more Heav'n; he of the first,
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,
In favour and præminence, yet fraught
With envie against the Son of God, that day
Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd 660
Messiah King anointed, could not beare
Through pride that sight, and thought himself im-
Deep malice thence conceiving & disdain, (paire.
Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unbey'd the Throne supream
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.

Sleepest thou Companion dear, what sleep can 670
Thy eye-lids? and remembrest what Decree (close
Of yesterday, so late hath past the lips
Of Heav'n's Almightye. Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont, I mine to thee was wont to impart;
Both waking we were one; how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos'd;
New Laws from him who reigns, new minds may
In us who serve, new Counsels, to debate (raise
What doubtful may ensue, more in this place
To utter is not safe. Assemble thou 680
Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief;
Tell them that by command, ere yet dim Night
Her shadowie Cloud withdraws, I am to haste,
And all who under me thir Banners wave,
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The Quarters of the North, there to prepare

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

690 Fit entertainment to receive our King
The great *Messiah*, and his new commands,
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant, and give Laws.
So spake the false Arch-Angel, and infus'd
Bad influence into th' unwarie brest
Of his Associate; hee together calls,
Or severall one by one, the Regent Powers,
Under him Regent, tells, as he was taught,
That the most High commanding, now ere Night,
Now ere dim Night had disencumberd Heav'n,
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move;
Tells the suggested cause, and casts between
700 Ambiguous words and jealousies, to sound
Or taint integritie; but all obey'd
The wonted signal, and superior voice
Of thir great Potentate; for great indeed
His name, and high was his degree in Heav'n;
His count'nance, as the Morning Starr that guides
The starrie flock, allur'd them, and with lyes
Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Host:
Mean while th' Eternal eye, whose sight discernes
Abstrusest thoughts, from forth his holy Mount
710 And from within the golden Lamps that burne
Nightly before him, saw without thir light
Rebellion rising, saw in whom, how spread
Among the sons of Morn, what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high Decree;
And smiling to his onely Son thus said.
Son, thou in whom my glory I behold
In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,
Neerly it now concernes us to be sure

Of

Paradise lost. Book 5.

Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms We mean to hold what anciently we claim Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North ; Nor so content, hath in his thought to trie In battel what our Power is, or our right. Let us advise, and to this hazard draw With speed what force is left, and all imploy In our defence, lest unawares we lose This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.	720
To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene, Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes Justly hast in derision, and secure Laugh'st at thir vain designs and tumults vain, Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event Know whether I be dextrous to subdue Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.	730
So spake the Son, but <i>Satan</i> with his Powers Farr was advanc't on winged speed, an Host Innumerable as the Starrs of Night, Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun Impearls on every leaf and every flouer. Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which All thy Dominion, <i>Adam</i> , is no more Then what this Garden is to all the Earth, And all the Sea, from one entire globose	740 750
Stretcht	

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

Stretcht into Longitude ; which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the North
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,
The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call
That Structure in the Dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, hee
760 Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that Mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,
The Mountain of the Congregation call'd ;
For thither he assembl'd all his Train,
Pretending so commanded to consult
About the great reception of thir King,
Thither to come, and with calumnious Art
Of counterfeted truth thus held thir ears.
770 Thrones, Dominations, Princedomes, Vertues,
If these magnific Titles yet remain (Powers,
Not meerly titular, since by Decree
Another now hath to himself ingross't
All Power, and us eclips't under the name
Of King anointed, for whom all this haste
Of midnight march, and hurried meeting here,
This onely to consult how we may best
With what may be devis'd of honours new
Receive him coming to receive from us
Knee-tribute yet unpaid, prostration vile,
780 Too much to one, but double how endur'd,
To one and to his image now proclaim'd ?
But what if better counsels might erect

Our

Paradise lost. Book 5.

Our minds and teach us to cast off this Yoke?
Will ye submit your necks, and chuse to bend
The supple knee? ye will not, if I trust
To know ye right, or if ye know your selves
Natives and Sons of Heav'n possesse before
By none, and if not equal all, yet free,
Equally free; for Orders and Degrees
Jarr not with liberty, but well consist.

790

Who can in reason then or right assume
Monarchie over such as live by right
His equals, if in power and splendor less,
In freedome equal? or can introduce
Law and Edict on us, who without law
Erre not, much less for this to be our Lord,
And look for adoration to th' abuse
Of those Imperial Titles which assert
Our being ordain'd to govern, not to serve?

800

Thus farr his bold discourse without controule
Had audience, when among the Seraphim
Abdiel, then whom none with more zeale ador'd
The Deitie, and divine commands obei'd,
Stood up, and in a flame of zeale severe
The current of his fury thus oppos'd.

O argument blasphemous, false and proud!
Words which no eare ever to hear in Heav'n
Expected, least of all from thee, ingrate
In place thy self so high above thy Peeres.
Canst thou with impious obloquie condemne
The just Decree of God, pronounc't and sworn,
That to his only Son by right endu'd
With Regal Scepter, every Soule in Heav'n
Shall bend the knee, and in that honour due

810

Confess

Book. 5. *Paradise lost.*

Confess him rightful King? unjust thou saist
 Flatly unjust, to binde with Laws the free,
 And equal over equals to let Reigne,
 One over all with unsucceeded power.
 Shalt thou give Law to God, shalt thou dispute
 820 With him the points of libertie, who made
 Thee what thou art, & formd the Pow'rs of Heav'n
 Such as he pleas'd, and circumscrib'd thir being?
 Yet by experience taught we know how good,
 And of our good, and of our dignitie
 How provident he is, how farr from thought
 To make us less, bent rather to exalt
 Our happie state under one Head more neer
 United. But to grant it thee unjust,
 That equal over equals Monarch Reigne :
 830 Thy self though great & glorious dost thou count,
 Or all Angelic Nature joind in one,
 Equal to him begotten Son, by whom
 As by his Word the mighty Father made
 All things, ev'n thee, and all the Spirits of Heav'n
 By him created in thir bright degrees,
 Crownd them with Glory, & to thir Glory nam'd
 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow-
 Essential Powers, nor by his Reign obscur'd, (ers
 But more illustrious made, since he the Head
 840 One of our number thus reduc't becomes,
 His Laws our Laws, all honour to him done
 Returns our own. Cease then this impious rage,
 And tempt not these; but hast'n to appease
 Th' incens'd Father, and th' incens'd Son,
 While Pardon may be found in time besought.
 So spake the fervent Angel, but his zeale

None

Paradise lost. Book 5.

None seconded, as out of season judg'd,
Or singular and rash, whereat rejoic'd
Th' Apostat, and more haughty thus repli'd.
That we were form'd then saist thou? & the work 850
Of secondarie hands, by task transferd
From Father to his Son? strange point and new!
Doctrin which we would know whence learnt: who
When this creation was? rememberst thou (saw
Thy making, while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature 860
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.

He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause 870
Through the infinite Host, nor less for that
The flaming Seraph fearless, though alone
Encompass'd round with foes, thus answerd bold.

O alienate from God, O spirit accurst,
Forfak'n of all good; I see thy fall
Determin'd, and thy hapless crew involv'd
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spread
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth

T

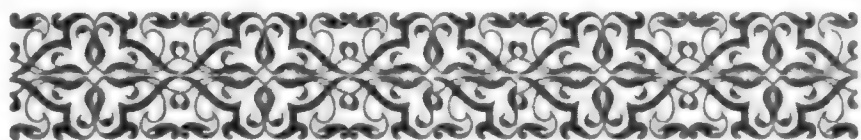
No

Book 5. *Paradise lost.*

880 No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
Of Gods *Messiah*; those indulgent Laws
Will not be now voutsaf't, other Decrees
Against thee are gon forth without recall;
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly
These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
890 His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learne,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.
So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only hee;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshak'n, unseduc'd, untterrifi'd
His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
900 Though single. From amidst them forth he passd,
Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud Towrs to swift destruction doom'd.

The End of the Fifth Book.

P A R A -



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VI.



ALL night the dreadless Angel unpursu'd
Through Heav'ns wide Champain held
his way, till Morn,
Wak't by the circling Hours, with
rosie hand
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There
is a Cave

Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through
Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night; (Heav'n
Light issues forth, and at the other dore
Obsequious darkness enters, till her houre (well
To veile the Heav'n, though darkness there might
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest Heav'n, arrayd in Gold
Empyrean, from before her vanisht Night,

10

T 2

Shot

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Shot through with orient Beams : when all the Plain
Coverd with thick embatteld Squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view :
Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found
20 Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported : gladly then he mixt
Among those friendly Powers who him receav'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one
That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet one
Returnd not lost : On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present
Before the seat supream ; from whence a voice
From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard.

Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
30 The better fight, who single hast maintaind
Against revolted multitudes the Cause
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes ;
And for the testimonie of Truth hast born
Universal reproach, far worse to beare
Then violence : for this was all thy care
To stand approv'd in fight of God, though Worlds
Judg'd thee perverse : the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
40 Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue
By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,
Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King
Messiah, who by right of merit Reigns.
Goe *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,
And thou in Military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to Battel these my Sons

Invin.

Paradise lost. Book 6.

Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints By 'Thoufands and by Millions rang'd for fight; Equal in number to that Godlefs crew Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms Fearlefs affault, and to the brow of Heav'n Purfuing drive them out from God and blifs, Into thir place of punifhment, the Gulf Of <i>Tartarus</i> , which ready opens wide His fiery <i>Chaos</i> to receave thir fall.	50
--	----

So fpake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began To darken all the Hill, and fmoak to rowl In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the figne Of wrauth awak't: nor with lefs dread the loud Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow:	60
--	----

At which command the Powers Militant, That flood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd Of Union irrefiftible, mov'd on In f Silence thir bright Legions, to the found Of inftrumental Harmonie that breath'd Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Caufe Of God and his <i>Meffiah</i> . On they move Indiffolubly firm; nor obvious Hill, For ftreit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides Thir perfet ranks; for high above the ground Thir march was, and the paffive Air upbore Thir nimble tread; as when the total kind Of Birds in orderly array on wing Came fummond over <i>Eden</i> to receive Thir names of thee; fo over many a tract Of Heav'n they march'd, and many a Province wide Tenfold the length of this terrene: at laft	70
---	----

Farr

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

80 Farr in th' Horizon to the North appeer'd
From skirt to skirt a fierie Region, stretcht
In battailous aspect, and neerer view
Bristl'd with upright beams innumerable
Of rigid Spears, and Helmets throng'd, and Shields
Various, with boastful Argument portraid,
The banded Powers of *Satan* hasting on
With furious expedition; for they weend
That self same day by fight, or by surprize
To win the Mount of God, and on his Throne
To set the envier of his State, the proud
90 Aspirer, but thir thoughts prov'd fond and vain
In the mid way: though strange to us it seemd
At first, that Angel should with Angel warr,
And in fierce hosting meet, who wont to meet
So oft in Festivals of joy and love
Unanimous, as fons of one great Sire
Hymning th' Eternal Father: but the shout
Of Battel now began, and rushing sound
Of onset ended soon each milder thought.
High in the midst exalted as a God
100 Th' Apostat in his Sun-bright Chariot fate
Idol of Majestie Divine, enclos'd
With Flaming Cherubim, and golden Shields;
Then lighted from his gorgeous Throne, for now
'Twixt Host and Host but narrow space was left,
A dreadful interval, and Front to Front
Presented stood in terrible array
Of hideous length: before the cloudie Van,
On the rough edge of battel ere it joyn'd,
Satan with vast and haughtie strides advanc't,
110 Came towring, armd in Adamant and Gold;

Abdiel

Paradise lost. Book 6.

Abdiel that fight endur'd not, where he stood
Among the mightiest, bent on highest deeds,
And thus his own undaunted heart explores.

O Heav'n! that such resemblance of the Highest
Should yet remain, where faith and realtie
Remain not; wherefore should not strength & might
There fail where Vertue fails, or weakest prove
Where boldest; though to fight unconquerable?
His puissance, trusting in th' Almighty's aide,
I mean to try, whose Reason I have tri'd
Unsound and false; nor is it aught but just,
That he who in debate of Truth hath won,
Should win in Arms, in both disputes alike
Victor; though brutish that contest and foule,
When Reason hath to deal with force, yet so
Most reason is that Reason overcome.

120

So pondering, and from his armed Peers
Forth stepping opposite, half way he met
His daring foe, at this prevention more
Incens't, and thus securely him defi'd.

130

Proud, art thou met? thy hope was to have
The highth of thy aspiring unoppos'd, (reacht
The Throne of God unguarded, and his side
Abandon'd at the terror of thy Power
Or potent tongue; fool, not to think how vain
Against th' Omnipotent to rise in Arms;
Who out of smallest things could without end
Have rais'd incessant Armies to defeat
Thy folly; or with solitarie hand
Reaching beyond all limit, at one blow
Unaided could have finish't thee, and whelmd
Thy Legions under darkness; but thou seest

140

All

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

All are not of thy Train ; there be who Faith
Prefer, and Pietie to God, though then
To thee not visible, when I alone
Seemd in thy World erroneous to dissent
From all : my Sect thou seest, now learn too late
How few somtimes may know, when thousands err.

150 Whom the grand foe with scornful eye askance
Thus answerd. Ill for thee, but in wisht houre
Of my revenge, first sought for thou returnst
From flight, seditious Angel, to receive
Thy merited reward, the first assay
Of this right hand provok't, since first that tongue
Inspir'd with contradiction durst oppose
A third part of the Gods, in Synod met
Thir Deities to assert, who while they feel
Vigour Divine within them, can allow
Omnipotence to none. But well thou comst
160 Before thy fellows, ambitious to win
From me som Plume, that thy success may show
Destruction to the rest : this pause between
(Unanswerd least thou boast) to let thee know ;
At first I thought that Libertie and Heav'n
To heav'nly Soules had bin all one ; but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve,
Ministring Spirits, traird up in Feast and Song ;
Such hast thou arm'd, the Minstrelsie of Heav'n,
Servilitie with freedom to contend,

170 As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove.

To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern repli'd.
Apostat, still thou errst, nor end wilt find
Of erring, from the path of truth remote :
Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name

Of

Paradise lost. Book 6.

<p>Of <i>Servitude</i> to serve whom God ordains, Or Nature ; God and Nature bid the same, When he who rules is worthiest, and excells Them whom he governs. This is servitude, To serve th' unwise, or him who hath rebelld Against his worthier, as thine now serve thee, Thy self not free, but to thy self enthrall'd ; Yet leudly dar'st our ministring upbraid. Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom, let mee serve In Heav'n God ever blessed, and his Divine Behests obey, worthiest to be obey'd, Yet Chains in Hell, not Realms expect : mean while From mee returnd, as erst thou saidst, from flight, This greeting on thy impious Crest receive, So saying, a noble stroke he lifted high, Which hung not, but so swift with tempest fell On the proud Crest of <i>Satan</i>, that no fight, Nor motion of swift thought, less could his Shield Such ruin intercept : ten paces huge He back recoil'd ; the tenth on bended knee His massie Spear upstaid ; as if on Earth Winds under ground or waters forcing way Sidelong, had push't a Mountain from his feat Half sunk with all his Pines. Amazement seisd The Rebel Thrones, but greater rage to see Thus foil'd thir mightiest, ours joy filld, and shout, Prefage of Victorie and fierce desire Of Battel : whereat <i>Michael</i> bid sound Th' Arch-angel trumpet ; through the vast of Heav'n It sounded, and the faithful Armies rung - <i>Hosanna</i> to the Highest : nor stood at gaze The adverse Legions, nor less hideous joyn'd</p>	<p>180</p> <p>190</p> <p>200</p>
--	----------------------------------

V

The

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

210 The horrid shock : now storming furie rose,
And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
Was never, Arms on Armour clashing bray'd
Horrible discord, and the madding Wheelles
Of brazen Chariots rag'd ; dire was the noise
Of conflict ; over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,
And flying vaulted either Host with fire.
Sounder fierie Cope together rush'd
Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage ; all Heav'n
Resounded, and had Earth bin then, all Earth
Had to her Center shook. What wonder ? when
220 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either side, the least of whom could weild
These Elements, and arm him with the force
Of all thir Regions : how much more of Power
Armie against Armie numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat ;
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited thir might ; though numberd such
230 As each divided Legion might have seemd
A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand
A Legion ; led in fight, yet Leader seemd
Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of Battel, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim Warr ; no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear ; each on himself reli'd,

As

Paradise lost. Book 6.

As onely in his arm the moment lay
Of victorie ; deeds of eternal fame
Were don, but infinite : for wide was spread
That Warr and various ; somtimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the Air ; all Air seemd then
Conflicting Fire : long time in even scale
The Battel hung ; till *Satan*, who that day
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes
No equal, raunging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting ; such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb
Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield
A vast circumference : At his approach
The great Arch-Angel from his warlike toile
Surceas'd, and glad as hoping here to end
Intestine War in Heav'n, the arch foe subdu'd
Or Captive drag'd in Chains, with hostile frown
And visage all enflam'd first thus began.

Author of evil, unknown till thy revolt,
Unnam'd in Heav'n, now plenteous, as thou seest
These Acts of hateful strife, hateful to all,
Though heaviest by just measure on thy self
And thy adherents: how hast thou disturb'd
Heav'n's blessed peace, and into Nature brought
Miserie, uncreated till the crime
Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill'd
Thy malice into thousands, once upright

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

And faithful, now prov'd false. But think not here
To trouble Holy Rest ; Heav'n casts thee out
From all her Confines. Heav'n the seat of blifs
Brooks not the works of violence and Warr.

Hence then, and evil go with thee along
Thy offspring, to the place of evil, Hell,
Thou and thy wicked crew ; there mingle broiles,
Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome,
Or som more sudden vengeance wing'd from God
280 Precipitate thee with augmented paine.

So spake the Prince of Angels ; to whom thus
The Adversarie. Nor think thou with wind
Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not. Hast thou turnd the least of these
To flight, or if to fall, but that they rise
Unvanquisht, easier to transact with mee
That thou shouldst hope, imperious, & with threats
To chase me hence ? erre not that so shall end
The strife which thou call'st evil, but wee style
290 The strife of Glorie : which we mean to win,
Or turn this Heav'n itself into the Hell
Thou fablest, here however to dwell free,
If not to reign : mean while thy utmost force,
And join him nam'd *Almightie* to thy aid,
I flie not, but have sought thee farr and nigh.

They ended parle, and both addrest for fight
Unspeakable ; for who, though with the tongue
Of Angels, can relate, or to what things
Likened on Earth conspicuous, that may lift
300 Human imagination to such highth
Of Godlike Power : for likest Gods they seemd,
Stood they or mov'd, in stature, motion, arms

Fit

Paradise lost. Book 6.

Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
Made horrid Circles ; two broad Suns thir Shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror ; from each hand with speed retir'd
Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, such as to set forth
Great things by small, If Natures concord broke,
Among the Constellations warr were sprung,
Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne
Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,
Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.
Together both with next to Almighty Arme,
Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeate,
As not of power, at once ; nor odds appeerd
In might or swift prevention ; but the sword
Of *Michael* from the Armorie of God
Was giv'n him temperd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge : it met
The sword of *Satan* with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd
All his right side ; then *Satan* first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd ; so fore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd
Not long divisible, and from the gash
A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd
Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his Armour staid ere while so bright.

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

340 Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run
By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields
Back to his Chariot ; where it stood retir'd
From off the files of warr ; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd ; for Spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In Entrailes, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,
Cannot but by annihilating die ;
Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound
Receive, no more then can the fluid Aire :
350 All Heart they live, all Head, all Eye, all Eare,
All Intellect, all Sense, and as they please,
They Limb themselves, and colour, shape or size
Assume, as likes them best, condense or rare.
Mean while in other parts like deeds deservd
Memorial, where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array
Of *Moloc* furious King, who him defi'd,
And at his Chariot wheelles to drag him bound
Threatn'd, nor from the Holie One of Heav'n
360 Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous ; but anon
Down clov'n to the waste, with shatterd Armes
And uncouth paine fled bellowing. On each wing
Uriel and *Raphael* his vaunting foe,
Though huge, and in a Rock of Diamond Armd,
Vanquish'd *Adramelec*, and *Asmadai*,
Two potent Thrones, that to be less then Gods
Disdain'd,

Paradise lost. Book 6.

Disdain'd, but meaner thoughts learn'd in thir flight,
Mangl'd with gashly wounds through Plate and
Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy (Maile.
The Atheist crew, but with redoubl'd blow 370
Ariel and *Arioc*, and the violence
Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew.
I might relate of thousands, and thir names
Eternize here on Earth; but those elect
Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n
Seek not the praise of men: the other sort
In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr,
Nor of Renown less eager, yet by doome
Cancel'd from Heav'n and sacred memorie,
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell. 380
For strength from Truth divided and from Just,
Illaudable, naught merits but dispraise
And ignominie, yet to glorie aspires
Vain glorious, and through infamie seeks fame:
Therefore Eternal silence be thir doome.

And now thir mightiest quell'd, the battel swerv'd,
With many an inrode gor'd; deformed rout
Enter'd, and foul disorder; all the ground
With shiverd armour strow'n, and on a heap
Chariot and Charioter lay overturn'd 390
And fierie foaming Steeds; what stood, recoyld
Orewearied, through the faint Satanic Host
Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine
Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sinne of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints

In

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

400 In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,
Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd :
Such high advantages thir innocence
Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,
Not to have disobey'd ; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
Bywound, though from thir place by violence mov'd
Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious din of Warr :
Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,
410 Victor and Vanquisht : on the foughten field
Michael and his Angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,
Cherubic waving fires : on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappeerd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,
His Potentates to Councel call'd by night ;
And in the midst thus undismay'd began.
O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes
Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,
420 Found worthy not of Libertie alone,
Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,
Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,
Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight,
(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes ?)
What Heavens Lord had powerfullest to send
Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so : then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
430 Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,

Some

Paradise lost. Book 6.

Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,
Since now we find this our Empyreal forme
Incapable of mortal injurie
Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easie think
The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us made the odds,
In Nature none: if other hidden cause
Left them Superiour, while we can preserve
Unhurt our mindes, and understanding sound,
Due search and consultation will disclose.

440

He sat; and in th' assembly next upstood
Nisroc, of Principalities the prime;
As one he stood escap't from cruel fight,
Sore toild, his riv'n Armes to havoc hewn,
And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake.
Deliverer from new Lords, leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods; yet hard
For Gods, and too unequal work we find
Against unequal armes to fight in paine,
Against unpaid, impassive; from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue; for what availes (paine
Valour or strength, though matchless, quell'd with
Which all subdues, and makes remiss the hands
Of Mightiest. Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps, and not repine,
But live content, which is the calmest life:
But pain is perfet miserie, the worst

450

460

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Of evils, and excessive, overturnes
All patience. He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded Enemies, or arme
Our selves with like defence, to mee deserves
No less then for deliverance what we owe.

470 Whereto with look compos'd *Satan* repli'd.
Not uninvented that, which thou aright
Beleivst so main to our success, I bring;
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand,
This continent of spacious Heav'n, adorn'd
With Plant, Fruit, Flour Ambrosial, Gemms & Gold,
Whose Eye so superficially surveyes
These things, as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground, materials dark and crude,
Of spiritous and fierie spume, till toucht
480 With Heav'n's ray, and temperd they shoot forth
So beauteous, op'ning to the ambient light.
These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep
Shall yeild us, pregnant with infernal flame,
Which into hallow Engins long and round
Thick-rammd, at th' other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate shall send forth
From far with thundring noise among our foes
Such implements of mischief as shall dash
To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands
490 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt.
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne,
Effect shall end our wish. Mean while revive;
Abandon fear; to strength and counsel joind

Think

Paradise lost. *Book 6.*

Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd.
He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd.
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee
To be th' inventer miss'd, so easie it seemd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have 500
Impossible: yet haply of thy Race (thought
In future dayes, if Malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
With dev'lish machination might devise
Like instrument to plague the Sons of men
For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent.
Forthwith from Councel to the work they flew,
None arguing stood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd
Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath 510
Th' originals of Nature in thir crude
Conception; Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
They found, they mingl'd, and with futtle Art,
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store conveyd:
Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls
Of missive ruin; part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire. 520
So all ere day spring, under conscious Night
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespied.
Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd
Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms
The matin Trumpet Sung: in Arms they stood

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,
Soon banded; others from the dawning Hills
Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed
530 Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe, (scoure
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,
In motion or in alt: him soon they met
Under spred Ensignes moving nigh, in flow
But firm Battalion; back with speediest Sail
Zophiel, of Cherubim the swiftest wing,
Came flying, and in mid Aire aloud thus cri'd.
Arme, Warriours, Arme for fight, the foe at hand,
Whom fled we thought, will save us long pursuit
This day, fear not his flight; so thick a Cloud
540 He comes, and settl'd in his face I see
Sad resolution and secure: let each
His Adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his Helme, gripe fast his orbed Shield,
Born eevn or high, for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture aught, no drizzling shower,
But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire.
So warnd he them aware themselves, and soon
In order, quit of all impediment;
Instant without disturb they took Allarm,
550 And onward move Embattelld; when behold
Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe
Approaching gros and huge; in hollow Cube
Training his devilish Enginrie, impal'd
On every side with shaddowing Squadrons Deep,
To hide the fraud. At interview both stood
A while, but suddenly at head appeerd
Satan: And thus was heard Commanding loud.
Vangard, to Right and Left the Front unfould;
That

Book 6.

560

57°

On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd
Or hollow'd bodies made of Oak or Firr
With branches lopt, in Wood or Mountain fell'd)
Brafs, Iron, Stonie mould, had not thir mouthes
With hideous orifice gap't on us wide,

580

590

Level'd

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,
That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,
Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd ;
The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove ; but now
Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout ;
Nor serv'd it to relax thir ferried files.
600 What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to thir foes a laughter ; for in view
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
In posture to displode thir second tire
Of Thunder : back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld thir plight,
And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.
O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?
610 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,
To entertain them fair with open Front (terms
And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded
Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd
Somewhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps
For joy of offerd peace : but I suppose
If our propofals once again were heard
We should compel them to a quick result.
620 To whom thus *Belial* in like gamesom mood.
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such

Paradise lost. Book 6.

Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And stumbl'd many, who receives them right,
Had need from head to foot well understand;
Not understood, this gift they have besides,
They shew us when our foes walk not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant veine
Stood scoffing, highthn'd in thir thoughts beyond
All doubt of Victorie, eternal might
To match with thir inventions they presum'd
So easie, and of his Thunder made a scorn,
And all his Host derided, while they stood
A while in trouble; but they stood not long,
Rage prompted them at length, & found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose.

Forthwith (behold the excellence, the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
Thir Arms away they threw, and to the Hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)

Light as the Lightning glimpse they ran, they flew,
From thir foundations loosning to and fro
They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load,
Rocks, Waters, Woods, and by the shaggie tops
Up lifting bore them in thir hands: Amaze,
Be sure, and terrour feis'd the rebel Host,
When coming towards them so dread they saw
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd,
Till on those cursed Engins triple-row

They saw them whelmd, and all thir confidence
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep,
Themselves invaded next, and on thir heads
Main Promontories flung, which in the Air

Came

630

640

650

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Came shadowing, and oppress'd whole Legions arm'd,
Thir armor help'd thir harm, crush't in and brus'd
Into thir substance pent, which wrought them pain
Implacable, and many a dolorous groan,
Long struggling underneath, ere they could wind
660 Out of such prison, though Spirits of purest light,
Purest at first, now gross by sinning grown.
The rest in imitation to like Armes
Betook them, and the neighbouring Hills up tore ;
So Hills amid the Air encounterd Hills
Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire,
That under ground they fought in dismal shade ;
Infernal noise ; Warr seem'd a civil Game
To this uproar ; horrid confusion heapt
Upon confusion rose : and now all Heav'n
670 Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred,
Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd :
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd : whence to his Son
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.
680 Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,
Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame
These

Paradise lost. ·Book 6.

These disobedient ; fore hath been thir fight,
As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd ;
For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,
Equal in their Creation they were form'd, 690
Save what sin hath impaired, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom ;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found :
Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines, (makes
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine.
Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine ;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr 700
Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine
Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,
And this perverse Commotion governd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might, 710
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheelles
That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my Warr,
My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh ;
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out
From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep :
There let them learn, as likes them, to despise
God and *Messiah* his anointed King.

Y

He

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

720 He said, and on his Son with Rayes direct
Shon full, he all his Father full exprest
Ineffably into his face receiv'd,
And thus the filial Godhead answering spake.
O Father, O Supream of heav'nly Thrones,
First, Highest, Holiest, Best, thou alwayes seekst
To glorifie thy Son, I alwayes thee,
As is most just; this I my Glorie account,
My exaltation, and my whole delight,
That thou in me well pleas'd, declarst thy will
Fulfill'd, which to fulfil is all my blifs.
730 Scepter and Power, thy giving, I assume,
And gladlier shall resign, when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All, and I in thee
For ever, and in mee all whom thou lov'st:
But whom thou hat'st, I hate, and can put on
Thy terrors, as I put thy mildness on,
Image of thee in all things; and shall soon,
Armd with thy might, rid heav'n of these rebell'd,
To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down
To chains of Darkness, and th' undying Worm,
740 That from thy just obedience could revolt,
Whom to obey is happiness entire.
Then shall thy Saints unmixt, and from th' impure
Farr separate, circling thy holy Mount
Unfained *Halleluiahs* to thee sing,
Hymns of high praise, and I among them chief.
So said, he o're his Scepter bowing, rose
From the right hand of Glorie where he sate,
And the third sacred Morn began to shine
Dawning through Heav'n: forth rush'd with whirl-
750 The Chariot of Paternal Deitie, (wind sound
Flashing

Paradise lost. Book 6.

Flashing thick flames, Wheele within Wheele un-
 It self instinct with Spirit, but convoyd (drawn,
 By four Cherubic shapes, four Faces each
 Had wondrous, as with Starrs thir bodies all
 And Wings were set with Eyes, with Eyes the
 Of Beril, and careering Fires between ; (Wheels
 Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament,
 Whereon a Saphir Throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the showrie Arch.
 Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd
 Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,
 Ascended, at his right hand Victorie
 Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow
 And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
 And from about him fierce Effusion rowld
 Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire ;
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
 He onward came, farr off his coming shon,
 And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen :
 Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 On the CrySTALLIN Skie, in Saphir Thron'd.
 Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
 When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd
 Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n :
 Under whose Conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd
 His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,
 Under thir Head imbodyed all in one.
 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd ;
 At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went

760

770

780

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewd,
And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd.
This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair.
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what Signs availe,
790 Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,
Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile
Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall
In universal ruin last, and now
To final Battel drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat; when the great Son of God
800 To all his Host on either hand thus spake.
Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest;
Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,
And as ye have receivd, so have ye don
Invincibly; but of this cursed crew
The punishment to other hand belongs,
Vengeance is his, or whose he sole appoints;
Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd
810 Nor multitude, stand onely and behold
Gods indignation on these Godless pourd
By mee; not you but mee they have despis'd,
Yet envied; against mee is all thir rage,
Because the Father, t'whom in Heav'n supream
Kingdom

Paradise lost. Book 6.

Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains,
Hath honourd me according to his will.
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath affig'n'd ;
That they may have thir wish, to trie with mee
In Battel which the stronger proves, they all,
Or I alone against them, since by strength
They measure all, of other excellence
Not emulous, nor care who them excells ;
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe.

820

So spake the Son, and into terrour chang'd
His count'nance too severe to be beheld
And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies.
At once the Four spred out thir Starrie wings
With dreadful shade contiguous, and the Orbes
Of his fierce Chariot rowld, as with the sound
Of torrent Floods, or of a numerous Host.

830

Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove,
Gloomie as Night ; under his burning Wheelles
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout,
All but the Throne it self of God. Full soon
Among them he arriv'd ; in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand Thunders, which he sent
Before him, such as in thir Soules infix'd
Plagues ; they astonisht all resistance lost,
All courage ; down thir idle weapons drop'd ;
O're Shields and Helmes, and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate,
That wish'd the Mountains now might be again
Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire.
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold-visag'd Foure,

840

Distinct

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

Distinct with eyes, and from the living Wheels,
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes,
One Spirit in them rul'd, and every eye
Glar'd lightning, and shot forth pernicious fire
850 Among th' accurst, that witherd all thir strength,
And of thir wonted vigour left them draind,
Exhausted, spiritless, afflicted, fall'n.
Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n :
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard
Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd
Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
860 And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,
Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd
Into the wastful Deep ; the monstrous sight
Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind ; headlong themselvs they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit.
Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n and would have fled
Affrighted ; but strict Fate had cast too deep
870 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound.
Nine dayes they fell ; confounded *Chaos* roard,
And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall
Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
Incumberd him with ruin : Hell at last
Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquench-

Paradise lost. Book 6.

Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine.
Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaired
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld.
Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes 880
Messiah his triumphal Chariot turnd :

To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,
With Jubilee advanc'd ; and as they went,
Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to Reign : he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd 890
On high ; who into Glorie him receav'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of blifs.

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on
At thy request, and that thou maist beware (Earth
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human Race bin hid ;
The discord which besel, and Warr in Heav'n
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall
Of those too high aspiring, who rebelld
With *Satan*, hee who envies now thy state, 900
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience, that with him
Bereavd of happiness thou maist partake
His punishment, Eternal miserie ;
Which would be all his solace and revenge,
As a despite don against the most High,
Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe.

But

Book 6. *Paradise lost.*

910 But list'n not to his Temptations, warne
Thy weaker; let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible Example the reward
Of disobedience; firm they might have stood,
Yet fell; remember, and fear to transgress.

The End of the Sixth Book.

PARA-



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VII.



Descend from Heav'n *Urania*, by
that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose
Voice divine
Following, above th' *Olympian*
Hill I soare,

Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,

Z

Thy

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Thy tempring ; with like safetie guided down
Return me to my Native Element :
Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall
20 Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne.
Half yet remains unfung, but narrower bound
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare ;
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,
On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues ;
In darkness, and with dangers compast rouud,
And solitude ; yet not alone, while thou
30 Visist my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East : still govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race
Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
In *Rhodope*, where Woods and Rocks had Eares
To rapture, till the savage clamor dround
Both Harp and Voice ; nor could the Muse defend
Her Son. So fail not thou, who thee implores :
For thou art Heav'n lie, shee an empty dreame.
40 Say Goddes, what ensu'd when *Raphael*,
The affable Arch-angel, had forewarn'd
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasie, by what befell in Heaven
To those Apostates, least the like befall
In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race,
Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree,

If

Paradise lost. Book 7.

If they transgress, and slight that sole command,
So easily obeyd amid the choice
Of all taſts elſe to pleaſe thir appetite,
Though wandring. He with his conſorted *Eve*
The ſtorie heard attentive, and was fill'd
With admiration, and deep Muſe to heare
Of things ſo high and ſtrange, things to thir thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n,
And Warr ſo neer the Peace of God in bliſs
With ſuch confuſion: but the evil ſoon
Driv'n back redounded as a flood on thoſe
From whom it ſprung, impoſſible to mix
With Bleſſedneſs. Whence *Adam* ſoon repeal'd
The doubts that in his heart aroſe: and now
Led on, yet ſinleſs, with deſire to know
What neerer might concern him, how this World
Of Heav'n and Earth conſpicuous firſt began,
When, and whereof created, for what cauſe,
What within *Eden* or without was done
Before his memorie, as one whoſe drouth
Yet ſcarce allay'd ſtill eyes the current ſtreame,
Whoſe liquid murmur heard new thirſt excites,
Proceeded thus to aſk his Heav'nly Gueſt.

Great things, and full of wonder in our eares,
Farr differing from this World, thou haſt reveal'd
Divine Interpreter, by favour ſent
Down from the Empyrean to forewarne
Us timely of what might elſe have bin our loſs,
Unknown, which human knowledg could not reach:
For which to the infinitely Good we owe
Immortal thanks, and his admoniſhment
Receave with ſolemne purpoſe to obſerve

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

80 Immutably his sovran will, the end
Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaf't
Gently for our instruction to impart
Things above Earthly thought, which yet concern'd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seem'd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps availe us known,
How first began this Heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd
Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills
90 All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause
Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest
Through all Eternitie so late to build
In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how soon
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfould
What wee, not to explore the secrets aske
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
To magnifie his works, the more we know.
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
100 Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,
And longer will delay to heare thee tell
His Generation, and the rising Birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep :
Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song
End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine.
Thus *Adam* his illustrious Guest besought :
110 And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde.

This

Paradise lost. Book 7.

This also thy request with caution askt
Obtaine: though to recount Almighty works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend?
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorifie the Maker, and inferr
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing, such Commission from above
I have receav'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds; beyond abstain
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd, which th' invisible King,
Onely Omniscient, hath suppress'd in Night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven:
Anough is left besides to search and know.

120

But Knowledge is as food, and needs no less
Her Temperance over Appetite, to know
In measure what the mind may well contain,
Oppresses else with Surfet, and soon turns
Wisdom to Folly, as Nourishment to Winde.

130

Know then, that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n
(So call him, brighter once amidst the Host
Of Angels, then that Starr the Starrs among)
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
Into his place, and the great Son return'd
Victorious with his Saints, th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
Thir multitude, and to his Son thus spake.

At least our envious Foe hath fail'd, who thought
All like himself rebellious, by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength, the seat
Of Deitie supream, us dispossess,

140

He

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

He trusted to have feis'd, and into fraud
Drew many, whom thir place knows here no more ;
Yet farr the greater part have kept, I see,
Thir station, Heav'n yet populous retaines
Number sufficient to possess her Realmes
Though wide, and this high Temple to frequent
With Ministeries due and solemn Rites :
150 But least his heart exalt him in the harme
Already done, to have dispeopl'd Heav'n,
My damage fondly deem'd, I can repaire
That detriment, if such it be to lose
Self-lost, and in a moment will create
Another World, out of one man a Race
Of men innumerable, there to dwell,
Not here, till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither, under long obedience tri'd,
160 And Earth be chang'd to Heavn, & Heav'n to Earth,
One Kingdom, Joy and Union without end.
Mean while inhabit laxe, ye Powers of Heav'n,
And thou my Word, begotten Son, by thee
This I perform, speak thou, and be it don :
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I send along, ride forth, and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth,
Boundless the Deep, because I am who fill
Infinitude, nor vacuous the space.
170 Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire,
And put not forth my goodness, which is free
To act or not, Necessitie and Chance
Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate.
So spake th' Almightye, and to what he spake

His

Paradise lost. Book 7.

His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect.
Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift
Then time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receive.
Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n
When such was heard declar'd the Almighty's will ;
Glorie they sung to the most High, good will
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace :
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
And th' habitations of the just ; to him
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, in stead
Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to Worlds and Ages infinite.
So sang the Hierarchies : Mean while the Son
On his great Expedition now appear'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love
Immense, and all his Father in him shon.
About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From the Armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness at hand,
Celestial Equipage ; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit livd,
Attendant on thir Lord : Heav'n op'nd wide
Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

On golden Hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds.
210 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyfs
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault
Heav'ns highth, and with the Center mix the Pole.
Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,
Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end :
Nor staid, but on the Wings of Cherubim
Uplifted, in Paternal Glorie rode
220 Farr into *Chaos*, and the World unborn ;
For *Chaos* heard his voice : him all his Traine
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid Wheelles, and in his hand
He took the golden Compasses, prepar'd
In Gods Eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things :
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profunditie obscure,
230 And said, thus farr extend, thus farr thy bounds,
This be thy just Circumference, O World.
Thus God the Heav'n created, thus the Earth,
Matter unform'd and void : Darkness profound
Cover'd th' Abyfs : but on the watrie calme
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred,
And vital vertue infus'd, and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid Mass, but downward purg'd
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs

Adverse

Paradise lost. Book 7.

Adverse to life : then founded, then conglob'd
Like things to like, the rest to several place 240
Disparted, and between spun out the Air,
And Earth self-ballanc't on her Center hung.

Let ther be Light, said God, and forthwith Light
Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure
Sprung from the Deep, and from her Native East
To journie through the airie gloom began,
Sphear'd in a radiant Cloud, for yet the Sun
Was not ; shee in a cloudie Tabernacle
Sojourn'd the while. God saw the Light was good ;
And light from darknes by the Hemisphere 250
Divided : Light the Day, and Darknes Night
He nam'd. Thus was the first Day Eev'n and Morn :
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the Celestial Quires, when Orient Light
Exhaling first from Darknes they beheld ;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth ; with joy and shout
The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd,
And touch't thir Golden Harps, & hymning prais'd
God and his works, Creatour him they sung,
Both when first Eevning was, and when first Morn. 260

Again, God said, let ther be Firmament
Amid the Waters, and let it divide
The Waters from the Waters : and God made
The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great Round : partition firm and sure,
The Waters underneath from those above
Dividing : for as Earth, so hee the World
Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide 270

A a

Cryстал-

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Cryſtallin Ocean, and the loud miſrule
Of *Chaos* farr remov'd, leaſt fierce extreames
Contiguous might diſtemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Eev'n
And Morning *Chorus* fung the ſecond Day.

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,
Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme
280 Prolific humour ſoft'ning all her Globe,
Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
Sate with genial moiſture, when God ſaid
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry Land appear.
Immediately the Mountains huge appear
Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
Into the Clouds, thir tops aſcend the Skie:
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, ſo low
Down funk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
290 Capacious bed of Waters: thither they
Haſted with glad precipitance, uprowld
As drops on duſt conglobing from the drie;
Part riſe in cryſtal Wall, or ridge direct,
For haſte; ſuch flight the great command impreſs'd
On the ſwift flouds: as Armies at the call
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou haſt heard)
Troop to thir Standard, ſo the watrie throng,
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
If ſteep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
300 Soft-ebbing; nor withſtood them Rock or Hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With Serpent errour wandring, found thir way,
And

Paradise lost. *Book 7.*

And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore ;
Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,
All but within those banks, where Rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas :
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth
Put forth the verdant Grasse, Herb yeilding Seed, 310
And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind ;
Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth.
He scarce had said, when the bare Earth, till then
Desert and bare, unsightly, unadorn'd,
Brought forth the tender Grasse, whose verdure clad
Her Universal Face with pleasant green,
Then Herbs of every leaf, that sudden flour'd
Op'ning thir various colours, and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet : and these scarce blown,
Forth flourish't thick the clustring Vine, forth crept 320
The smelling Gourd, up stood the cornie Reed
Embattell'd in her field : add the humble Shrub,
And Bush with frizl'd hair implicit : last
Rose as in Dance the stately Trees, and spred
Thir branches hung with copious Fruit ; or gemm'd
Thir Blossoms : with high Woods the Hills were
With tufts the vallies & each fountain side, (crownd,
With borders long the Rivers. That Earth now
Seemd like to Heav'n, a seat where Gods might
Or wander with delight, and love to haunt (dwell, 330
Her sacred shades : though God had yet not rain'd
Upon the Earth, and man to till the ground
None was, but from the Earth a dewie Mist
Went up and waterd all the ground, and each

A a 2

Plant

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Plant of the field, which e're it was in the Earth
God made, and every Herb, before it grew
On the green stemm; God saw that it was good:
So Eev'n and Morn recorded the Third Day.

340 Again th' Almighty spake: Let there be Lights
High in th' expanse of Heaven to divide
The Day from Night; and let them be for Signes,
For Seasons, and for Dayes, and circling Years,
And let them be for Lights as I ordaine
Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav'n
To give Light on the Earth; and it was so.
And God made two great Lights, great for thir use
To Man, the greater to have rule by Day,
The les by Night alterne: and made the Starrs,
And set them in the Firmament of Heav'n
350 To illuminate the Earth, and rule the Day
In thir vicissitude, and rule the Night,
And Light from Darknes to divide. God saw,
Surveying his great Work, that it was good:
For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun
A mightie Spheare he fram'd, unlightsom first,
Though of Ethereal Mould: then form'd the Moon
Globose, and everie magnitude of Starrs,
And sowed with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field:
Of Light by farr the greater part he took,
360 Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine
Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light.
Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs
Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,
And hence the Morning Planet guilds his horns;
By

Paradise lost. Book 7.

By tincture or reflection they augment
Thir small peculiar, though from human sight
So farr remote, with diminution seen.
First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen, 370
Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run
His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode: the gray
Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,
But opposite in level'd West was set
His mirror, with full face borrowing her Light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps 380
Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,
Revolv'd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand Starres, that then appeer'd
Spangling the Hemisphere: then first adornd
With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,
Glad Eevning & glad Morn crownd the fourth day.
And God said, let the Waters generate
Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule:
And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings
Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n. 390
And God created the great Whales, and each
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by thir kindes,
And every Bird of wing after his kinde;
And saw that it was good, and blest'd them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill;
And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth.
Forth-

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

400 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay
With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales
Of Fish that with thir Finns and shining Scales
Glide under the green Wave, in Sculles that oft
Bank the mid Sea: part single or with mate
Graze the Sea weed thir pasture, & through Groves
Of Coral stray, or sporting with quick glance
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold,
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment, or under Rocks thir food
410 In jointed Armour watch: on smooth the Seale,
And bended Dolphins play: part huge of bulk
Wallowing unweildie, enormous in thir Gate
Tempest the Ocean: there Leviathan
Hugest of living Creatures, on the Deep
Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes,
And seems a moving Land, and at his Gilles
Draws in, and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea.
Mean while the tepid Caves, and Fens and shoares
Thir Brood as numerous hatch, from the Egg that
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd (soon
420 Thir callow young, but featherd soon and fledge
They summ'd thir Penns, and soaring th' air sublime
With clang despis'd the ground, under a cloud
In prospect; there the Eagle and the Stork
On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build:
Part loosly wing the Region, part more wise
In common, rang'd in figure wedge thir way,
Intelligent of seasons, and set forth
Thir Aierie Caravan high over Sea's
Flying, and over Lands with mutual wing
430 Easing thir flight; so steers the prudent Crane

Her

Paradise lost. Book 7.

Her annual Voiage, born on Windes; the Aire
Floats, as they pass, fann'd with unnumber'd plumes:
From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song
Solac'd the Woods, and spread thir painted wings
Till Ev'n, nor then the solemn Nightingal
Ceas'd warbling, but all night tun'd her soft layes:
Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd
Thir downie Brest; the Swan with Arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly, Rows
Her state with Oarie feet: yet oft they quit
The Dank, and rising on stiff Pennons, towre
The mid Aereal Skie: Others on ground
Walk'd firm; the crested Cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours, and th' other whose gay Traine
Adorns him, colour'd with the Florid hue
Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes. The Waters thus
With Fish replenisht, and the Aire with Fowle,
Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.

440

The Sixt, and of Creation last arose
With Eevning Harps and Mattin, when God said,
Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,
Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,
Each in their kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait
Op'ning her fertil Womb teem'd at a Birth
Innumerable living Creatures, perfect formes,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose
As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns
In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:
The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:
Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.

450

460

The

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd
The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,
And Rampant shakes his Brinded main ; the Ounce,
The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale
Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw
In Hillocks ; the swift Stag from under ground
470 Bore up his branching head : scarfe from his mould
Behemoth biggest born of Earth upheav'd
His vastness : Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,
As Plants : ambiguous between Sea and Land
The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or Worme ; those wav'd thir limber fans
For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
In all the Liveries deckt of Summers pride
With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green :
480 These as a line thir long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace ; not all
Minims of Nature ; some of Serpent kinde
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept
The Parsimonious Emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
Pattern of just equalitie perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
Of Commonaltie : swarming next appeer'd
490 The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells
With Honey stor'd : the rest are numberless,
And thou thir Natures know'st, and gav'st them
Needlest to thee repeaed ; nor unknown (Names,
The

Paradise lost. Book 7.

The Serpent fittl'st Beast of all the field,
Of huge extent somtimes, with brazen Eyes
And hairie Main terrific, though to thee
Not noxious, but obedient at thy call.

Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon, and rowld
Her motions, as the great first-Movers hand
First wheeld thir course; Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovly smil'd; Aire, Water, Earth,
By Fowl, Fish, Beast, was flown, was swum, was walkt
Frequent; and of the Sixt day yet remain'd;
There wanted yet the Master work, the end

500

Of all yet don; a Creature who not prone
And Brute as other Creatures, but endu'd
With Sanctitie of Reason, might erect
His Stature, and upright with Front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing, and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n,
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends, thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in Devotion, to adore

510

And worship God Supream, who made him chief
Of all his works: therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not hee
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake.

Let us make now Man in our image, Man
In our similitude, and let them rule
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire,
Beast of the Field, and over all the Earth,
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground.
This said, he formd thee, *Adam*, thee O Man
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils breath'd
The breath of Life; in his own Image hee

520

B b

Created,

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Created thee, in the Image of God
Express, and thou becam'st a living Soul.
Male he created thee, but thy consort
530 Femal for Race; then blest'd Mankinde, and said,
Be fruitful, multiplie, and fill the Earth,
Subdue it, and throughout Dominion hold
Over Fish of the Sea, and Fowle of the Aire,
And every living thing that moves on the Earth.
Wherever thus created, for no place
Is yet distinct by name, thence, as thou know'st
He brought thee into this delicious Grove,
This Garden, planted with the Trees of God,
Delectable both to behold and taste;
540 And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yeelds,
Varietie without end; but of the Tree
Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
Thou mai'st not; in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st;
Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, least sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good;
550 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Sixt day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created World
Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
Followd with acclamation and the sound

Sympho-

Paradise lost. Book 7.

Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire 560
Refounded, (thou remember'ft, for thou heardft)
The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
The Planets in thir stations list'ning stood,
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores; let in
The great Creator from his work returnd
Magnificent, his Six days work, a World;
Open, and henceforth oft; for God will deigne
To visit oft the dwellings of just Men 570
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will fend his winged Messengers
On errands of supernal Grace. So sung
The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led
To Gods Eternal house direct the way,
Abroad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold
And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,
Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest 580
Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Sea-
Eev'ning arose in *Eden*, for the Sun (venth
Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
Forerunning Night; when at the holy mount
Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne
Of Godhead, fixt for ever firm and sure,
The Filial Power arriv'd, and fate him down
With his great Father (for he also went
Invisible, yet staid (such priviledge
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd, 590

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Author and end of all things, and from work
Now resting, blest'd and hallowd the Seav'nth day,
As resting on that day from all his work,
But not in silence holy kept; the Harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn Pipe,
And Dulcimer, all Organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
Temper'd soft Tunings, intermixt with Voice
Choral or Unison: of incense Clouds
600 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount.
Creation and the Six dayes acts they fung,
Great are thy works, *Jehovah*, infinite
Thy power; what thought can measure thee or
Relate thee; greater now in thy return (tongue
Then from the Giant Angels; thee that day
Thy Thunders magnifi'd; but to create
Is greater then created to destroy.
Who can impair thee, mighty King, or bound
Thy Empire? easily the proud attempt
610 Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine
Thou hast repeld, while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish, and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers. Who seekes
To lessen thee, against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might: his evil
Thou usest, and from thence creat'st more good.
Witness this new-made World, another Heav'n
From Heaven Gate not farr, founded in view
On the cleer *Hyaline*, the Glassie Sea;
620 Of amplitude almost immense, with Starr's
Numerous, and every Starr perhaps a World
Of destin'd habitation; but thou know'st

Thir

Paradise lost. Book 7.

Thir seasons : among these the seat of men,
Earth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd,
Thir pleasant dwelling place. Thrice happie men,
And sons of men, whom God hath thus advanc't,
Created in his Image, there to dwell
And worship him, and in reward to rule
Over his Works, on Earth, in Sea, or Air,
And multiply a Race of Worshippers
Holy and just: thrice happie if they know
Thir happiness, and persevere upright.

630

So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,
With *Halleluiahs*: Thus was Sabbath kept.
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memorie was don
From the beginning, that posteritie
Informd by thee might know ; if else thou seekst
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say.

640

To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.
What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
Equal have I to render thee, Divine
Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf't
This friendly condescention to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
VVith wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glorie attributed to the high
Creator ; some thing yet of doubt remains,
VVhich onely thy solution can resolve.
VVhen I behold this goodly Frame, this VWorld
Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,
Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,

650

An

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd
And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle
Spaces incomprehensible (for such
Thir distance argues and thir swift return
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
660 Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night; in all thir vast survey
Useless besides, reasoning I oft admire,
How Nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler Bodies to create,
Greater so manifold to this one use,
For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose
Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,
670 That better might with far less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines
Her end without least motion, and receaves,
As Tribute such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light;
Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes.
So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve*
Perceaving where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness Majestic from her seat,
680 And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her eare

Of

Paradise lost. Book 7.

Of what was high : such pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, the sole Auditress ;
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask 690
Chose rather ; hee, she knew would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd ?
With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went ;
Not unattended, for on her as Queen
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
And from about her shot Darts of desire
Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight. 700
And *Raphael* now to *Adam*'s doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne
His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares :
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge 710
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire ; or if they list to try
Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns
Hath left to thir disputes, perhaps to move
His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide
Hereafter, when they come to model Heav'n
And calculate the Starrs, how they will weild
The mightie frame, how build, unbuild, contrive
To

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

720 To save appeerances, how gird the Sphear
With Centric and Eccentric scribl'd o're,
Cycle and Epicycle, Orb in Orb:
Alreadie by thy reasoning this I gueſs,
Who art to lead thy offspring, and ſuppoſeſt
That Bodies bright and greater ſhould not ſerve
The leſs not bright, nor Heav'n ſuch journies run,
Earth ſitting ſtill, when ſhe alone receaves
The benefit: conſider firſt, that Great
Or Bright inferrs not Excellence: the Earth
730 Though, in compariſon of Heav'n, ſo ſmall,
Nor gliftering, may of ſolid good containe
More plenty then the Sun that barren ſhines,
Whoſe vertue on it ſelf workes no effect,
But in the fruitful Earth; there firſt receavd
His beams, unactive elſe, thir vigor find.
Yet not to Earth are thoſe bright Luminaries
Officious, but to thee Earths habitant.
And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit, let it ſpeak
The Makers high magnificence, who built
So ſpacious, and his Line ſtretcht out ſo farr;
740 That Man may know he dwells not in his own;
An Edifice too large for him to fill,
Lodg'd in a ſmall partition, and the reſt
Ordain'd for uſes to his Lord beſt known.
The ſwiftneſs of thoſe Circles attribute,
Though numberleſs, to his Omnipotence,
That to corporeal ſubſtances could adde
Speed almoſt Spiritual; mee thou thinkſt not ſlow,
Who ſince the Morning hour ſet out from Heav'n
Where God reſides, and ere mid-day arriv'd
750 In *Eden*, diſtance inexpressible

By

Paradise lost. Book 7.

By Numbers that have name. But this I urge,
Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns, to shew
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov'd;
Not that I so affirm, though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth.
God to remove his wayes from human sense,
Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might erre in things too high,
And no advantage gaine. What if the Sun
Be Center to the World, and other Starrs 760
By his attractive vertue and thir own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In fix thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different Motions move?
Which else to severall Sphears thou must ascribe,
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift 770
Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele
Of Day and Night; which needs not thy beleefe,
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day
Travelling East, and with her part averse
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray. What if that light
Sent from her through the wide transpicious aire,
To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr
Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night 780
This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,
Feilds and Inhabitants: Her spots thou seest

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate
Allotted there ; and other Suns perhaps
With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descric
Communicating Male and Femal Light,
Which two great Sexes animate the World,
Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live.
790 For such vast room in Nature unpossess
By living Soule, desert and desolate,
Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each Orb a glimpse of Light, conveyd so farr
Down to this habitable, which returnes
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute.
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,
Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,
800 Or Shee from West her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,
And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him serve and feare ;
Of other Creatures, as him pleases best,
Wherever plac't, let him dispose : joy thou
In what he gives to thee, this Paradise
And thy faire *Eve* ; Heav'n is for thee too high
810 To know what passes there ; be lowlie wise :
Think onely what concernes thee and thy being ;
Dream not of other Worlds, what Creatures there
Live, in what state, condition or degree,
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal'd

Not

Paradise lost. Book 7.

Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav'n.

To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt, repli'd.
How fully hast thou fatisfi'd mee, pure
Intelligence of Heav'n, Angel serene,
And freed from intricacies, taught to live,
The easiest way, nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of Life, from which
God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares,
And not molest us, unless we our selves
Seek them with wandring thoughts, and notions
But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave (vaine.
Uncheckt, and of her roaving is no end ;
Till warn'd, or by experience taught, she learne,
That not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure and futtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life,
Is the prime Wisdom, what is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence,
And renders us in things that most concerne
Unpractis'd, unprepar'd, and still to seek.
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand
Useful, whence haply mention may arise
Of something not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance, and thy wonted favour deign'd.
Thee I have heard relating what was don
Ere my remembrance : now hear mee relate
My Storie, which perhaps thou hast not heard ;
And Day is yet not spent ; till then thou seest
How futtly to detaine thee I devise,
Inviting thee to hear while I relate,
Fond, were it not in hope of thy reply :

820

830

840

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

For while I sit with thee, I seem in Heav'n,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare
Then Fruits of Palm-tree pleasantest to thirst
850 And hunger both, from labour, at the houre
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill, (vine
Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Di-
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie.

To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek.
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent; for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image faire :
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
860 Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes.
Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man :
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
On Man his equal Love : say therefore on ;
For I that Day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell ;
Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)
870 To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Least hee incens'd at such eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mixt.
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King, and to enure
Our prompt obedience. Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong ;

But

Paradise lost. *Book 7.*

But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song, 880
Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage.
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light
Ere Sabbath Eev'ning: so we had in charge.
But thy relation now; for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less then thou with mine.

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire.
For Man to tell how human Life began
Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep 890
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavoring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, Dale, and shadie Woods, and funnie Plaines,
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams; by these, 900
Creatures that livd, and movd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd.
My self I then perus'd, and Limb by Limb
Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
What e're I saw. Thou Sun, said I, faire Light, 910
And

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

And thou enlight'nd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye Hills and Dales, ye Rivers, Woods, and Plaines,
And ye that live and move, fair Creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
Not of my self; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power præminent;
Tell me, how may I know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier then I know.
920 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither,
From where I first drew Aire, and first beheld
This happie Light, when answer none return'd,
On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours
Pensive I sate me down; there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seisd
My droused sense, untroubl'd, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my Head a dream,
930 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My Fancy to believe I yet had being,
And livd: One came, methought, of shape Divine,
And said, thy Mansion wants thee, *Adam*, rise,
First Man, of Men innumerable ordain'd
First Father, call'd by thee I come thy Guide
To the Garden of blis, thy seat prepar'd.
So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,
And over Fields and Waters, as in Aire
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
940 A woodie Mountain; whose high top was plaine,
A Circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest Trees
Planted, with Walks, and Bowers, that what I saw
Of

Paradise lost. Book 7.

Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd. Each Tree
Load'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eate ; whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadowd : Here had new begun
My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide
Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd, 950
Prefence Divine. Rejoycing, but with aw
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submits : he rear'd me, & Whom thou soughtst I am,
Said mildely, Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee or beneath.
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate :
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes
Eate freely with glad heart ; fear here no dearth :
But of the Tree whose operation brings 960
Knowledg of good and ill, which I have set
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence : for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye ;
From that day mortal, and this happie State
Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World
Of woe and sorrow. Sternly he pronounc'd 970
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice
Not to incur ; but soon his cleer aspect
Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.

Not

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy Race I give ; as Lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle.
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold
980 After thir kindes ; I bring them to receave
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie
With low subjection ; understand the same
Of Fish within thir watry residence,
Not hither summond, since they cannot change
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire.
As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
Approaching two and two, These cowering low
With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing.
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
990 Thir Nature, with such knowledg God endu'd
My sudden apprehension : but in these
I found not what me thought I wanted still ;
And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd.
O by what Name, for thou above all these,
Above mankinde, or aught then mankinde higher,
Surpassest farr my naming, how may I
Adore thee, Author of this Universe,
And all this good to man, for whose well being
So amply, and with hands so liberal
1000 Thou hast provided all things : but with mee
I see not who partakes. In solitude
What happiness, who can enjoy alone,
Or all enjoying, what contentment find ?
Thus I presumptuous ; and the vision bright,
As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd.
What call'st thou solitude, is not the Earth

With

With various living creatures, and the Aire
 Replenisht, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee, know'st thou not
 Thir language and thir wayes, they also know,
 And reason not contemptibly ; with these
 Find pastime, and beare rule ; thy Realm is large.
 So spake the Universal Lord, and seem'd
 So ordering. I with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation thus repli'd.

1010

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
 And these inferiour farr beneath me set ?

Among unequals what societie
 Can sort, what harmonie or true delight ?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Giv'n and receiv'd ; but in disparitie
 The one intense, the other still remiss
 Cannot well suite with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike : Of fellowship I speak

1020

Such as I seek, fit to participate
 All rational delight, wherein the brute
 Cannot be human confort ; they rejoyce
 Each with thir kinde, Lion with Lioness ;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd ;
 Much less can Bird with Beast, or Fish with Fowle
 So well converse, nor with the Ox the Ape ;
 Worst then can Man with Beast, and least of all.

1030

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.
 A nice and futtle happiness I see
 Thou to thy self propos'st, in the choice
 Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste

D d

No

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

1040 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie.
What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,
Seem I to thee sufficiently possessest
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all Eternitie, for none I know
Second to mee or like, equal much less.
How have I then with whom to hold converse
Save with the Creatures which I made, and those
To me inferiour, infinite descents
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?
1050 He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. To attaine
The highth and depth of thy Eternal wayes
All human thoughts come short, Supream of things;
Thou in thy self art perfect, and in thee
Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects. No need that thou
Shouldst propagat, already infinite;
And through all numbers absolute, though One;
1060 But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, his Image multipli'd,
In unitie defective, which requires
Collateral love, and dearest amitie.
Thou in thy secrecie although alone,
Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt
Of Union or Communion, devis'd;
I by conversing cannot these erect
1070 From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find.
Thus

Paradise lost. Book 7.

Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This answer from the gracious voice Divine.

Thus farr to try thee, *Adam*, I was pleas'd,
And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike, 1080
And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,
Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
And no such companie as then thou saw'st
Intended thee, for trial onely brought,
To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet:
What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
Thy wish, exactly to thy hearts desire.

Hee ended, or I heard no more, for now
My earthly by his Heav'nly overpowerd, 1090
Which it had long stood under, streind to the highth
In that celestial Colloquie sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense,
Dazl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
By Nature as in aide, and clos'd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the Cell
Of Fancie my internal sight, by which
Abstract as in a transe methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape 1100
Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

From thence a Rib, with cordial spirits warme,
And Life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the
But suddenly with flesh fill'd up & heal'd: (wound,
The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands;
Under his forming hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but different sex, so lovly faire,
That what seemd fair in all the World, seemd now
1110 Mean, or in her summd up, in her containd
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her Aire inspir'd
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappeerd, and left me dark, I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not farr off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
1120 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable: On she came,
Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninformd
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every gesture dignitie and love.
I overjoyd could not forbear aloud.

This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,
1130 Giver of all things faire, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self
Before me; Woman is her Name, of Man
Extracted; for this cause he shall forgoe

Father

Paradise lost. *Book 7.*

Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere;
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule.

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,

Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unfought be won, 1140

Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable, or to say all,

Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;

I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,
And with obsequious Majestie approv'd

My pleaded reason. To the Nuptial Bowre
I led her blushing like the Morn: all Heav'n,

And happie Constellations on that houre
Shed thir selectest influence; the Earth 1150

Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill;
Joyous the Birds; fresh Gales and gentle Aires

Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings
Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,

Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Eevning Starr

On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp.

Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought
My Storie to the sum of earthly blifs

Which I enjoy, and must confesse to find 1160
In all things else delight indeed, but such

As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies

I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits, & Flours,
Walks, and the melodie of Birds; but here

Farr otherwise, transported I behold,

Transf

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Transported touch ; here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake
1170 Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance.
Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part
Not proof enough such Object to sustain,
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps
More then enough ; at least on her bestow'd
Too much of Ornament, in outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
For well I understand in the prime end
Of Nature her th' inferiour, in the mind
And inward Faculties, which most excell,
1180 In outward also her resembling less
His Image who made both, and less expressing
The character of that Dominion giv'n
O're other Creatures ; yet when I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
And in her self compleat, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, vertuousest, discreetest, best ;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded, Wisdom in discourse with her
1190 Looses discount'nanc't, and like folly shewes ;
Authoritie and Reason on her waite,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally ; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard Angelic plac't.
To whom the Angel with contracted brow.
Accuse not Nature, she hath don her part ;

Do

Book 7.

Do thou but thine, and be not diffident
Of Wisdom, she deserts thee not, if thou
Dismiss not her, when most thou needst her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent, as thou thy self perceav'st.
For what admir'st thou, what transports thee so,
An outside? fair no doubt, and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honouring, and thy love,
Not thy subjection: weigh with her thy self;
Then value: Oft times nothing profits more
Than self-esteem, grounded on just and right
Well manag'd; of that skill the more thou know'st,
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head,
And to realities yeild all her shows;
Made so adorn for thy delight the more,
So awful, that with honour thou maist love
Thy mate, who sees when thou art seen least wise.
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight
Beyond all other, think the same voutsaft
To Cattel and each Beast; which would not be
To them made common & divulg'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.
What higher in her societie thou findest
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true Love consists not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among

Book 7. *Paradise lost.*

Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.

To whom thus half abash't *Adam* repli'd.
Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kindes
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with Love
1240 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;
Harmonie to behold in wedded pair
More grateful then harmonious sound to the eare.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet still free
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist
1250 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;
Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love
Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happie, and without Love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
1260 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:

Easier

Paradise lost. Book 7.

Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need
As Flesh to mix with Flesh, or Soul with Soul.
But I can now no more; the parting Sun
Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles
Hesperian sets, my Signal to depart.

Be strong, live happie, and love, but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey, and keep
His great command; take heed least Passion sway
Thy Judgement to do aught, which else free Will
Would not admit; thine and of all thy Sons
The weal or woe in thee is plac't; beware.

1270

I in thy persevering shall rejoyce,
And all the Blest: stand fast; to stand or fall
Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies.
Perfet within, no outward aid require;
And all temptation to transgress repel.

1280

So saying, he arose; whom *Adam* thus
Follow'd with benediction. Since to part,
Go heavenly Guest, Ethereal Messenger,
Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore.
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension, and shall be honour'd ever
With grateful Memorie: thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still, and oft return.

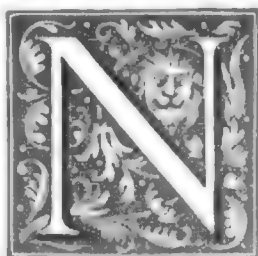
So parted they, the Angel up to Heav'n
From the thick shade, and *Adam* to his Bowre.

1290



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK VIII.



O more of talk where God or Angel
Guest
With Man, as with his Friend, famili-
liar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him
partake

Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd : I now must change
Those Notes to Tragic ; foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And disobedience : On the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
10 Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,
That brought into this World a world of woe,
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miseric
Deaths Harbinger : Sad task, yet argument
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth

Of

Book 8, *Paradise lost*.

Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear.
The Sun was sunk, and after him the Starr
Of *Hesperus*, whose Office is to bring
50 Twilight upon the Earth, short Arbiter
Twixt Day and Night, and now from end to end
Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round :
When *Satan* who late fled before the threats
Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden*, now improv'd
In meditated fraud and malice, bent
On mans destruction, maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself, fearless return'd.
By Night he fled, and at Midnight return'd
From compassing the Earth, cautious of day,
60 Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun descri'd
His entrance, and forewarnd the Cherubim
That kept thir watch ; thence full of anguish driv'n,
The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode
With darkness, thrice the Equinoctial Line
He circl'd, four times cross'd the Carr of Night
From Pole to Pole, traversing each Colure ;
On the eighth return'd, and on the Coast averse
From entrance or Cherubic Watch, by stealth
Found unsuspected way. There was a place,
70 Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the
Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise (change,
Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life ;
In with the River sunk, and with it rose
Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought
Where to lie hid ; Sea he had searcht and Land
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole
Mæotis, up beyond the River *Ob* ;

Down-

Paradise lost. Book 8.

Downward as farr Antartic ; and in length
West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd
At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flowes
Ganges and *Indus* : thus the Orb he roam'd
With narrow search ; and with inspection deep
Consider'd every Creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found
The Serpent futtlest Beast of all the Field.

80

Him after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight: for in the wilie Snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native futtleie
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the sense of brute.

90

Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward griefe
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd :

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worse would build?
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns
That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,
Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentring all thir precious beams
Of sacred influence: As God in Heav'n
Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou

100

Centring receav'ſt from all thoſe Orbs; in thee,
Not in themſelves, all thir known vertue appeers

110

Pro-

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
Of Creatures animate with gradual life
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man.
With what delight could I have walkt thee round
If I could joy in aught, sweet interchange
Of Hill and Vallie, Rivers, Woods and Plaines,
Now Land, now Sea, & Shores with Forrest crown'd,
Rocks, Dens, and Caves ; but I in none of these
Find place or refuge ; and the more I see
120 Pleasures about me, so much more I feel
Torment within me, as from the hateful siege
Of contraries ; all good to me becomes
Bane, and in Heav'n much worse would be my state.
But neither here seek I, no nor in Heav'n
To dwell, unless by maistring Heav'ns Supream ;
Nor hope to be my self less miserable
By what I seek, but others to make such
As I, though thereby worse to me redound :
For onely in destroying I finde ease
130 To my relentless thoughts ; and him destroyd,
Or won to what may work his utter loss,
For whom all this was made, all this will soon
Follow, as to him linkt in weal or woe,
In wo then ; that destruction wide may range :
To mee shall be the glorie sole among
The infernal Powers, in one day to have marr'd
What he *Almightie* styl'd, six Nights and Days
Continu'd making, and who knows how long
Before had bin contriving, though perhaps
140 Not longer then since I in one Night freed
From servitude inglorious welnigh half
Th' Angelic Name, and thinner left the throng

Of

Paradise lost. Book 8.

Of his adorers: hee to be aveng'd,
And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd,
Whether such vertue spent of old now faild
More Angels to Create, if they at least
Are his Created or to spite us more,
Determin'd to advance into our room
A Creature form'd of Earth, and him endow,
Exalted from so base original,
With Heav'nly spoils, our spoils: What he decreed
He effected; Man he made, and for him built
Magnificent this World, and Earth his feat,
Him Lord pronounc'd, and, O indignitie!
Subjected to his service Angel wings,
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
Thir earthie Charge: Of these the vigilance
I dread, and to elude, thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie
In every Bush and Brake, where hap may finde
The Serpent sleeping, in whose mазie foulds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring.
O foul descent! that I who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd;
But what will not Ambition and Revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soard, obnoxious first or last
To basest things. Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles;
Let it; I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next

150

160

170

Provokes

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Provokes my envie, this new Favorite
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
From dust : spite then with spite is best repaid.

180 So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
His midnight searh, where soonest he might finde
The Serpent : him fast sleeping soon he found
In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,
His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles :
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,
Not nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe
Fearless unfeard he slept : in at his Mouth
The Devil enterd, and his brutal sence,
190 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
With act intelligential ; but his sleep
Disturbd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn.
Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne
In *Eden* on the humid Flours, that breathd
Thir morning Incense, when all things that breath,
From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair
And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire
Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
200 The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires :
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Thir growing work : for much thir work outgrew
The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide.
And *Eve* first to her Husband thus began.

Adam, well may we labour still to drefs
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour.

Our

Paradise lost. Book 8.

Our pleasant task enjoyn'd, but till more hands
Aid us, the work under our labour grows,
Luxurious by restraint ; what we by day
Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wilde. Thou therefore now advise
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present,
Let us divide our labours, thou where choice
Leads thee, or where most needs, whether to wind
The Woodbine round this Arbour, or direct
The clasping Ivie where to climb, while I
In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt
With Myrtle, find what to redress till Noon :
For while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose, what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles, or object new
Casual discourse draw on, which intermits
Our dayes work brought to little, though begun
Early, and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd.

210

220

To whom mild answer *Adam* thus return'd.
Sole *Eve*, Associate sole, to me beyond
Compare above all living Creatures deare,
Well hast thou motion'd, wel thy thoughts imployd
How we might best fulfill the work which here
God hath assign'd us, nor of me shalt pass
Unprais'd : for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, then to studie household good,
And good workes in her Husband to promote.
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
Labour, as to debarr us when we need
Refreshment, whether food, or talk between,
Food of the mind, or this sweet intercourse

230

F f

Of

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

240 Of looks and smiles, for smiles from Reason flow,
To brute deni'd, and are of Love the food,
Love not the lowest end of human life.
For not to irksom toile, but to delight
He made us, and delight to Reason joyn'd. (hands
These paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt
Will keep from Wilderneys with ease, as wide
As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
Assist us: But if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I could yeild.
For solitude somtimes is best societie,
250 And short retirement urges sweet returne.
But other doubt possessees me, least harm
Befall thee sever'd from me; for thou knowst
What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe
Envyng our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault; and somewhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each
260 To other speedie aide might lend at need;
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealtie from God, or to disturb
Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no blis
Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more;
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, stil shades thee and protects.
The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
270 To whom the Virgin Majestie of *Eve*,

As

As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austere composure thus reply'd.

 Ospring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord,
That such an Enemy we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee inform'd I learne,
And from the parting Angel over-heard
As in a shady nook I stood behind,
Just then return'd at shut of Evening Flours.
But that thou shouldst my firmness therefore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear.
His violence thou fearst not, being such,
As wee, not capable of death or paine,
Can either not receive, or can repell.
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain infers
Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't; (brest,
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy
Adam, misstought of her to thee so dear?

280

 To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd.
Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire:
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe.
For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperges
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof
Against temptation: thou thy self with scorne
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong,
Though ineffectual found: misdeem not then,
If such affront I labour to avert

290

300

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

From thee alone, which on us both at once
The Enemy, though bold, will hardly dare,
Or daring, first on mee th' assault shall light.
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn;
Suttle he needs must be, who could seduce
Angels, nor think superfluous others aid.
I from the influence of thy looks receive
310 Access in every Vertue, in thy sight
More wise, more watchful, stronger, if need were
Of outward strength; while shame, thou looking on,
Shame to be overcome or over-reacht
Would utmost vigor raise, and rais'd unite.
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present, and thy trial choose
With me, best witness of thy Vertue tri'd.
So spake domestick *Adam* in his care
And Matrimonial Love, but *Eve*, who thought
320 Less attributed to her Faith sincere,
Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd.
If this be our condition, thus to dwell
In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe,
Suttle or violent, we not endu'd
Single with like defence, wherever met,
How are we happie, still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin: onely our Foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integritie: his foul esteeme
330 Sticks no dishonor on our Front, but turns
Foul on himself; then wherfore shund or feard
By us? who rather double honour gaine
From his surmise prov'd false, finde peace within,
Favour from Heav'n, our witness from th' event.

And

Paradise lost. Book 8.

And what is Faith, Love, Vertue unaffaid
Alone, without exterior help sustaind?
Let us not then suspect our happie State
Left so imperfet by the Maker wise,
As not secure to single or combin'd.
Fraile is our happines, if this be so,
And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.

340

To whom thus *Adam* fervently repli'd.
O Woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordaind them, his creating hand
Nothing imperfet or deficient left
Of all that he Created, much less Man,
Or ought that might his happie State secure,
Secure from outward force; within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power :
Against his will he can receive no harme.
But God left free the Will, for what obeyes
Reason, is free, and Reason he made right,
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd
She dictate false, and misinforme the Will
To do what God expressly hath forbid.
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me.
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since Reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the Foe subornd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd.
Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
Were better, and most likeliest if from mee
Thou sever not: Trial will come unfought.

350

360

Wouldst

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve
First thy obedience; th' other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
370 But if thou think, trial unsought may finde
Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,
Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more;
Go in thy native innocence, relie
On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine.
So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but *Eve*
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd.
With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
380 Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought,
May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,
The willinger I goe, nor much expect
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek;
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse.
Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
Oread or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Traine,
Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self
In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,
390 Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd,
But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude,
Guiltless of fire had formd, or Angels brought.
To *Pales*, or *Pomona*, thus adornd,
Likest she seemd, *Pomona* when she fled
Vertumnus, or to *Ceres* in her Prime,
Yet Virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*.
Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.

Oft

Book 8.

Oft he to her his charge of quick returne
 Repeated, shee to him as oft engag'd
 To be returned by Noon amid the Bowre,
 And all things in best order to invite
 Noontide repast, or Afternoons repose.
 O much deceav'd, much failing, haples *Eve*,
 Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
 Thou never from that houre in Paradise
 Foundst either sweet repast, or sound repose;
 Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades
 Waited with hellish rancor imminent
 To intercept thy way, or send thee back
 Despoild of Innocence, of Faith, of Bliss.
 For now, and since first break of dawne the Fiend,
 Meer Serpent in appearance, forth was come,
 And on his Quest, where likeliest he might finde
 The onely two of Mankinde, but in them
 The whole included Race, his purposd prey.
 In Bowre and Field he sought, where any tuft
 Of Grove or Garden-Plot more pleasant lay,
 Thir tendance or Plantation for delight,
 By Fountain or by shadie Rivulet
 He sought them both, but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate, he wish'd, but not with hope
 Of what so seldom chanc'd, when to his wish,
 Beyond his hope, *Eve* separate he spies,
 Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance, where she stood,
 Half spi'd, so thick the Roses bushing round
 About her glowd, oft stooping to support
 Each Flour of slender stalk, whose head though
 Carnation, Purple, Azure, or spect with Gold, (gay
 Hung drooping unsustaind, them she upstaies
 Gently

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Gently with Mirtle band, mindless the while,
Her self, though fairest unsupported Flour,
From her best prop so farr, and storm so nigh.
Neerer he drew, and many a walk travers'd
Of stateliest Covert, Cedar, Pine, or Palme,
Then voluble and bold, now hid, now seen
Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours
Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve* :
Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd
440 Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renown'd
Alcinous, host of old *Laertes* Son,
Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King
Held dalliance with his faire *Egyptian* Spouse.
Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more.
As one who long in populous City pent,
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,
Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes
Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
450 The smell of Grain, or tedded Grasse, or Kine,
Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound ;
If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her look summs all Delight.
Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*
Thus earlie, thus alone ; her Heav'nly forme
Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,
Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
460 Of gesture or left action overawd
His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought :

That

That space the Evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remaind
Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge ;
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he fees
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd : then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites.

470

Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what
Compulsion thus transported to forget (sweet
What hither brought us, hate, not love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying, other joy
To me is lost. Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles, behold alone
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,
Whose higher intellectual more I shun,
And strength, of courage hautie, and of limb
Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould,
Foe not formidable, exempt from wound,
I not ; so much hath Hell debas'd, and paine
Infeebl'd me, to what I was in Heav'n.
Shee fair, divinely fair, fit Love for Gods,
Not terrible, though terrour be in Love
And beautie, not approacht by stronger hate,
Hate stronger, under shew of Love well feign'd,
The way which to her ruin now I tend.

480

490

So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclos'd

G g

In

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

In Serpent, Inmate bad, and toward *Eve*
Addres'd his way, not with indented wave,
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his reare,
Circular base of rising foulds, that tour'd
Fould above fould a furing Maze, his Head
500 Crested aloft, and Carbuncle his Eyes ;
With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold, erect
Amidst his circling Spires, that on the grass
Floted redundant : pleasing was his shape,
And lovely, never since of Serpent kind
Lovelier, not those that in *Illyria* chang'd
Hermione and *Cadmus*, or the God
In *Epidaurus* ; nor to which transformd
Ammonion Jove, or *Capitoline* was seen,
Hee with *Olympias*, this with her who bore
510 *Scipio* the highth of *Rome*. With tract oblique
At first, as one who sought access, but feard
To interrupt, side-long he works his way.
As when a Ship by skilful Stearſman wrought
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland, where the Wind
Veres oft, as oft ſo ſteers, and ſhifts her Saile ;
So varied hee, and of his tortuous Train
Curld many a wanton wreath in ſight of *Eve*,
To lure her Eye ; ſhee buſied heard the ſound
Of ruſſing Leaves, but minded not, as us'd
520 To ſuch diſport before her through the Field,
From every Beaſt, more duteous at her call,
Then at *Circean* call the Herd diſguis'd.
Hee boulder now, uncall'd before her ſtood ;
But as in gaze admiring : Oft he bowd
His turret Creſt, and ſleek enamel'd Neck,
Fawning, and lick'd the ground whereon ſhe trod.
His

Paradise lost. Book 8.

His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play; he glad
Of her attention gain'd, with Serpent Tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began.

530

Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd.
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir'd; but here
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be
A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd (seen
By Angels numberless, thy daily Train.

540

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd;
Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,
Though at the voice much marveling; at length
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake.
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't
By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?
The first at least of these I thought deni'd
To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day
Created mute to all articulat sound;
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks

550

G g 2

Much

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

560 Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers.
Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd;
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in fight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due.
To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd.
Empress of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all
570 What thou commandst, and right thou shouldst be
I was at first as other Beasts that graze (obeyd:
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd
Or Sex, and apprehended nothing high:
Till on a day roaving the field, I chanc'd
A goodly Tree farr distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt,
Ruddie and Gold: I nearer drew to gaze;
When from the boughes a favorie odour blow'n,
580 Grateful to appetite, more pleas'd my sense
Then smell of sweetest Fenel, or the Teats
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn,
Unfuckt of Lamb or Kid, that tend thir play.
To fatisfie the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair Apples, I resolv'd
Not to deferr; hunger and thirst at once,
Powerful perswaders, quick'nd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit, urg'd me so keene.
About the Mossie Trunk I wound me soon,
590 For high from ground the branches would require
Thy

Book 8.

Thy utmost reach or *Adams*: Round the Tree
All other Beasts that saw, with like desire
Longing and envying stood, but could not reach.
Amid the Tree now got, where plentie hung
Tempting so nigh, to pluck and eat my fill
I spar'd not, for such pleasure till that hour
At Feed or Fountain never had I found.
Sated at length, ere long I might perceive
Strange alteration in me, to degree
Of Reason in my inward Powers, and Speech
Wanted not long, though to this shape retain'd.
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
I turn'd my thoughts, and with capacious mind
Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n,
Or Earth, or Middle, all things fair and good;
But all that fair and good in thy Divine
Semblance, and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray
United I beheld; no Fair to thine
Equivalent or second, which compel'd
Mee thus, though importune perhaps, to come
And gaze, and worship thee of right declar'd
Sovran of Creatures, universal Dame.

So talk'd the spirited fly Snake; and *Eve*
Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd.

Serpent, thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The vertue of that Fruit, in thee first prov'd:
But say, where grows the Tree, from hence how
For many are the Trees of God that grow (far?
In Paradise, and various, yet unknown
To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men

Grow

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Grow up to thir provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth.

To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad.
Emprefs, the way is readie, and not long,
Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past
Of blowing Myrrh and Balme; if thou accept
630 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon.

Lead then, said *Eve*. Hee leading swiftly rowld
In tangles, and make intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy
Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
640 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way
To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr.
So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe;
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake.

Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,
650 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects.
But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch;
God so commanded, and left that Command
Sole Daughter of his voice; the rest, we live
Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law.

To

Paradise lost. Book 8.

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd.
Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit
Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,
Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless. Of the Fruit
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate, 660
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die. (bold

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love
To Man, and indignation at his wrong,
New part puts on, and as to passion mov'd,
Fluctuats disturbd, yet comely, and in act
Rais'd, as of som great matter to begin.

As when of old som Orator renound 670
In *Athens* or free *Rome*, where Eloquence
Flourishd, since mute, to som great cause addrest,
Stood in himself collected, while each part,
Motion, each act won audience ere the tongue,
Sometimes in highth began, as no delay
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right.
So standing, moving, or to highth upgrown
The Tempter all impassiond thus began.

O Sacred, Wise, and Wisdom-giving Plant, 680
Mother of Science, Now I feel thy Power
Within me cleere, not onely to discern
Things in thir Causes, but to trace the wayes
Of highest Agents, deemd however wise.
Queen of this Universe, doe not believe
Those rigid threats of Death; ye shall not Die:
How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life

To

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

690 To Knowledge? By the Threatner, look on mee,
Mee who have touch'd and tasted, yet both live,
And life more perfet have attaind then Fate
Meant mee, by ventring higher then my Lot.
Shall that be shut to Man, which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty Trespas, and not praise
Rather your dauntless vertue, whom the pain
Of Death denounc't, whatever thing Death be,
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade
To happier life, knowledge of Good and Evil;
Of good, how just? of evil, if what is evil
Be real, why not known, since easier shunnd?
700 God therefore cannot hurt ye, and be just;
Not just, not God; not feard then, nor obeid:
Your feare it self of Death removes the feare.
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe,
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant,
His worshippers; he knows that in the day
Ye Eate thereof, your Eyes that seem so cleere,
Yet are but dim, shall perfectly be then
Op'nd and cleerd, and ye shall be as Gods,
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know.
710 That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,
Internal Man, is but proportion meet,
I of brute human, yee of human Gods.
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht, (bring.
Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can
And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use

On

Book 8.

720

730

740

750

Con-

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil ;
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good
By thee communicated, and our want :
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all.
In plain then, what forbids he but to know,
Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise ?
760 Such prohibitions binde not. But if Death
Bind us with after-bands, what profits then
Our inward freedom ? In the day we eate
Of this fair Fruit, our doom is, we shall die.
How dies the Serpent ? hee hath eat'n and lives,
And knows, and speaks, and reasons, and discernes,
Irrational till then. For us alone
Was death invented ? or to us deni'd
This intellectual food, for beasts reserv'd ?
For Beasts it seems : yet that one Beast which first
770 Hath tasted, envies not, but brings with joy
The good befall'n him, Author unsuspect,
Friendly to man, farr from deceit or guile.
What fear I then, rather what know to feare
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil,
Of God or Death, of Law or Penaltie ?
Here grows the Cure of all, this Fruit Divine,
Fair to the Eye, inviting to the Taste,
Of vertue to make wise : what hinders then
To reach, and feed at once both Bodie and Mind ?
780 So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the Fruit, she pluck'd, she eat :
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
Sighing

Paradise lost. Book 8.

Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe,
That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk
The guiltie Serpent, and well might, for *Eve*
Intent now wholly on her taste, naught else
Regarded, such delight till then, as seemd,
In Fruit she never tasted, whether true
Or fancied so, through expectation high
Of knowledg, nor was God-head from her thought. 790
Greedy she ingorg'd without restraint,
And knew not eating Death : Sate at length,
And hight'nd as with Wine, jocond and boon,
Thus to herself she pleasingly began.

O Sovran, vertuous, precious of all Trees
In Paradise, of operation blest
To Sapience, hitherto obscur'd, infam'd,
And thy fair Fruit let hang, as to no end
Created ; but henceforth my early care, 800
Not without Song, each Morning, and due praise
Shall tend thee, and the fertil burden ease
Of thy full branches offer'd free to all ;
Till dieted by thee I grow mature
In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know ;
Though others envie what they cannot give ;
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide ; not following thee, I had remaind
In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire. 810
And I perhaps am secret ; Heav'n is high,
High and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth ; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch

H h 2

Our

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies
About him. But to *Adam* in what sort
Shall I appear? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with mee, or rather not,
820 But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power
Without Copartner? so to add what wants
In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undefireable, sometime
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
830 A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in blifs or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.
So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,
But first low Reverence don, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
840 Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne
Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown
As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of something ill,
Misgave him; hee the faulting measure felt;
And

Paradise lost. Book 8.

And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That Morn when first they parted ; by the Tree
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,
Scarfe from the Tree returning ; in her hand 850
A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd,
New gatherd, and ambrosial smell diffus'd.
To him she hasted, in her face excuse
Came Prologue, and Apologie to prompt,
Which with bland words at will she thus addrest.
 Hast thou not wonderd, *Adam*, at my stay ?
Thee I have mist, and thought it long, depriv'd
Thy presence, agonie of love till now
Not felt, nor shall be twice, for never more
Mean I to trie, what rash untri'd I fought, 860
The paine of absence from thy sight. But strange
Hath bin the cause, and wonderful to heare :
This Tree is not as we are told, a Tree
Of danger tasted, nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way, but of Divine effect
To open Eyes, and make them Gods who taste ;
And hath bin tasted such : the Serpent wife,
Or not restrain'd as wee, or not obeying,
Hath eat'n of the fruit, and is become,
Not dead, as we are threatn'd, but thenceforth 870
Endu'd with human voice and human sense,
Reasoning to admiration, and with mee
Persuasively hath so prevaild, that I
Have also tasted, and have also found
Th' effects to correspond, opener mine Eyes,
Dimm erst, dilated Spirits, ampler Heart,
And growing up to Godhead ; which for thee
Chiefly I fought, without thee can despise.

For

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

880 For blifs, as thou haft part, to me is blifs,
Tedious, unshar'd with thee, and odious soon.
Thou therfore also taste, that equal Lot
May joyne us, equal Joy, as equal Love;
Least thou not tasting, different degree
Disjoyne us, and I then too late renounce
Deitie for thee, when Fate will not permit.

Thus *Eve* with Countenance blithe her storie told;
But in her Cheek distemper flushing glowd.
On th' other side, *Adam*, soon as he heard
The fatal Trespass don by *Eve*, amaz'd,
890 Astonied stood and Blank, while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joynts relax'd;
From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*
Down drop'd, and all the faded Roses shed:
Speechless he stood and pale, till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke.

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all Gods Works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be formd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
900 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to Die;
How can I live without thee, how forgoe
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,
910 To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?

Should

Paradise lost. Book 8.

Should God create another *Eve*, and I
 Another Rib afford, yet los of thee
 Would never from my heart ; no no, I feel
 The Link of Nature draw me : Flesh of Flesh,
 Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
 Mine never shall be parted, blifs or woe.

So having said, as one from sad dismay
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd
 Submitting to what seemd remediless,
 Thus in calme mood his Words to *Eve* he turnd.

920

Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous *Eve*,
 And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd
 Had it bin onely coveting to Eye

That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,
 Much more to taste it under banne to touch.
 But past who can recall, or don undoe ?

Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so
 Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact
 Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,

930

Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first
 Made common and unhallowd ere our taste ;
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man
 Higher degree of Life, inducement strong

To us, as likely tasting to attaine
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be
 But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods.

Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
 Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy
 Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high,
 Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,

940

For us created, needs with us must faile,

Dependent

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Dependent made ; so God shall uncreate,
Be frustrate, do, undo, and labour loose,
Not well conceav'd of God, who though his Power
Creation could repeate, yet would be loath
Us to abolish, least the Adversary
Triumph and say ; Fickle their State whom God
Most Favors, who can please him long? Mee first
950 He ruind, now Mankind ; whom will he next?
Matter of scorne, not to be given the Foe.
However I with thee have fixt my Lot,
Certain to undergoe like doom, if Death
Confort with thee, Death is to mee as Life ;
So forcible within my heart I feel
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne,
My own in thee, for what thou art is mine ;
Our State cannot be severd, we are one,
One Flesh ; to loose thee were to loose my self.
960 So *Adam*, and thus *Eve* to him repli'd.
O glorious trial of exceeding Love,
Illustrious evidence, example high !
Ingaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection, how shall I attaine,
Adam, from whose deare side I boast me sprung,
And gladly of our Union heare thee speak,
One Heart, one Soul in both ; whereof good prooff
This day affords, declaring thee resolvd,
Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread
970 Shall separate us, linkt in Love so deare,
To undergoe with mee one Guilt, one Crime,
If any be, of tasting this fair Fruit,
Whose vertue, for of good still good proceeds,
Direct, or by occasion hath presented

This

Paradise lost. Book 8.

This happie trial of thy Love, which else
So eminently never had bin known.
Were it I thought Death menac't would enfue
This my attempt, I would sustaine alone
The worst, and not perswade thee, rather die
Deserted, then oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy Peace, chiefly assur'd
Remarkably so late of thy so true,
So faithful Love unequald; but I feel
Farr otherwise th' event, not Death, but Life
Augmented, op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes,
Taste so Divine, that what of sweet before
Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this, and harsh.
On my experience, *Adam*, freely taste,
And fear of Death deliver to the Windes.

980

So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
Had so-enobl'd, as of choice to incurr
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death.
In recompence (for such compliance bad
Such recompence best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
With liberal hand: he scrupl'd not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,
But fondly overcome with Femal charm.
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
Original; while *Adam* took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor *Eve* to iterate
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe

990

1000

I i

Him

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Him with her lov'd societie, that now
As with new Wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fanſie that they feel
1010 Divinitie within them breeding wings
Wherewith to ſcorn the Earth: but that falſe Fruit
Farr other operation firſt diſplaid,
Carnal deſire enflaming, hee on *Eve*
Began to caſt laſcivious Eyes, ſhe him
As wantonly repaid; in Luſt they burne:
Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move.

Eve, now I ſee thou art exact of taſte,
And elegant, of Sapience no ſmall part,
Since to each meaning favour we apply,
1020 And Palate call judicious; I the praiſe
Yeild thee, ſo well this day thou haſt purvey'd.
Much pleaſure we have loſt, while we abſtain'd
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now
True reliſh, taſting; if ſuch pleaſure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wiſh'd,
For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten.
But come, ſo well reſreſh't, now let us play,
As meet is, after ſuch delicious Fare;
For never did thy Beautie ſince the day
1030 I ſaw thee firſt and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo enflame my ſenſe
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Then ever, bountie of this vertuous Tree.

So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well underſtood
Of *Eve*, whoſe Eye darted contagious Fire.
Her hand he ſeis'd, and to a ſhadie bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowl'd

He

Paradise lost. Book 8.

He led her nothing loath ; Flours were the Couch,
Pansies, and Violets, and Asphodel, 1040
And Hyacinth, Earths freshest softest lap.
There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport
Took largely, of thir mutual guilt the Seale,
The solace of thir sin, till dewie sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with thir amorous play.
Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit,
That with exhilerating vapour bland
About thir spirits had plaid, and inmost powers
Made erre, was now exhal'd, and grosser sleep
Bred of unkindly fumes, with conscious dreams 1050
Encumberd, now had left them, up they rose
As from unrest, and each the other viewing,
Soon found thir Eyes how op'nd, and thir minds
How dark'nd ; innocence, that as a veile
Had shadow'd them from knowing ill, was gon,
Just confidence, and native righteousness,
And honour from about them, naked left
To guiltie shame hee cover'd, but his Robe
Uncover'd more. So rose the *Danite* strong
Herculean Samson from the Harlot-lap 1060
Of *Philistean Dalilah*, and wak'd
Shorn of his strength, They destitute and bare
Of all thir vertue : silent, and in face
Confounded long they fate, as struck'n mute,
Till *Adam*, though not less then *Eve* abasht,
At length gave utterance to these words constraind.
O *Eve*, in evil hour thou didst give eare
To that false Worm, of whomsoever taught
To counterfet Mans voice, true in our Fall,
False in our promis'd Rising ; since our Eyes 1070
I i 2 Op'nd

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

Op'nd we find indeed, and find we know
Both Good and Evil, Good lost, and Evil got ,
Bad Fruit of Knowledge, if this be to know,
Which leaves us naked thus, of Honour void,
Of Innocence, of Faith, of Puritie,
Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind,
And in our Faces evident the signes
Of foul concupiscence ; whence evil store ;
Even shame, the last of evils ; of the first
1080 Be sure then. How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld ? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
Insufferably bright. O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable
To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening : Cover me ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
1090 Hide me, where I may never see them more.
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The Parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together
And girded on our loyns, may cover round (fowd,
Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean.
So counsel'd hee, and both together went
1100 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose
The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to *Indians* known

In

Paradise lost. Book 8.

In *Malabar* or *Decan* spreads her Armes
Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade
High overarch't, and echoing Walks between ;
There oft the *Indian* Herdsman shunning heate
Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds
At Loopholes cut through thickest shade: Those 1110
They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe, (Leaves
And with what skill they had, together fowd,
To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide
Thir guilt and dreaded shame ; O how unlike
To that first naked Glorie. Such of late
Columbus found th' *American* so girt
With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde
Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores.
Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part
Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind, 1120
They fate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within
Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,
Mistrust, Suspicion, Discord, and shook fore
Thir inward State of Mind, calme Region once
And full of Peace, now tost and turbulent :
For Understanding rul'd not, and the Will
Heard not her lore, but in subjection now
To sensual Appetite, who from beneath
Usurping over sovran Reason claimd 1130
Superior sway : From thus distemperd brest,
Adam, estrang'd in look and alterd stile,
Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renewd.

Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words, & stai'd
With

Book 8. *Paradise lost.*

With me, as I besought thee, when that strange
Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn,
I know not whence possessd thee; we had then
Remaind still happie, not as now, despoild
Of all our good, sham'd, naked, miserable.
1140 Let none henceforth seek needles cause to approve
The Faith they owe; when earnestly they seek
Such proof, conclude, they then begin to faile.
To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus
What words have past thy Lips, *Adam* severe, (*Eve*.
Imput'ft thou that to my default, or will
Of wandering, as thou call'ft it, which who knows
But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by,
Or to thyself perhaps: hadst thou bin there,
Or here th' attempt, thou couldst not have discern'd
1150 Fraud in the Serpent, speaking as he spake;
No ground of enmitie between us known,
Why hee should mean me ill, or seek to harme.
Was I to have never parted from thy side?
As good have grown there still a liveless Rib.
Being as I am, why didst not thou the Head
Command me absolutely not to go,
Going into such danger as thou saidst?
Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay,
Nay, didst permit, approve, and fair dismiss.
1160 Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent,
Neither had I transgress'd, nor thou with mee.
To whom then first incens'd *Adam* repli'd.
Is this the Love, is this the recompence
Of mine to thee, ingrateful *Eve*, exprest
Immutable when thou wert lost, not I,
Who might have liv'd and joyd immortal blifs,

Yet

Paradise lost. Book 8.

Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee :
And am I now upbraided, as the cause
Of thy transgressing ? not enough severe,
It seems, in thy restraint : what could I more ?
I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking Enemy
That lay in wait ; beyond this had bin force,
And force upon free Will hath here no place.

1170

But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to finde
Matter of glorious trial ; and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seem'd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser. Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting
Lets her Will rule ; restraint she will not brook,
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse.

1180

Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of thir vain contest appear'd no end.

The end of the Eighth Book.

P A R A -



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IX.



Meanwhile the hainous and despight-
full act
Of *Satan* done in Paradise, and
how
Hee in the Serpent had perverted
Eve,
Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,
Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye
Of God All-seeing, or deceave his Heart
Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the minde
Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will arm'd,
10 Complete to have discover'd and repulst
Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have stil! remem-
The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit, (ber'd
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd

Paradise lost. Book 9.

Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in hast
Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad
For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
Much wondring how the futtle Fiend had stoln
Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd
All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
With pitie, violated not thir blifs.

20

About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befell : they towards the Throne Supream
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,
And easily approv'd ; when the most High
Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,
Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice.

30

Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismaid,
Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell.
I told ye then he should prevail and speed
On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker ; no Decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his Fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free Will, to her own inclining left

40

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

In even scale. But fall'n he is, and now
What rests, but that the mortal Sentence pass
On his transgression, Death denounc't that day,
50 Which he presumes already vain and void,
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroke; but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end.
Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd.
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
All Judgement, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or
Ease it may be seen that I intend (Hell.
Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee
60 Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design'd
Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,
And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n.
So spake the Father, and unfoulding bright
Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son
Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie; he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd, and thus divinely answer'd milde.
Father Eternal, thine is to decree,
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
70 Supream, that thou in mee thy Son belov'd
Mayst ever rest well pleas'd. I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors, but thou knowst,
Whoever judg'd, the worst on mee must light,
When time shall be, for so I undertook
Before thee; and not repenting, this obtaine
Of right, that I may mitigate thir doom
On me deriv'd, yet I shall temper so
Justice with Mercie, as may illustrate most

Them

Paradise lost.

Book 9.

Them fully satisfied, and thee appease.

Attendance none shall need, nor Train, where none
Are to behold the Judgement, but the judg'd,
Those two; the third best absent is condemn'd,
Convict by flight, and Rebel to all Law
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs.

Thus saying, from his radiant Seat he rose
Of high collateral glorie: him Thrones and Powers,
Princedom, and Dominations ministrant
Accompanied to Heaven Gate, from whence
Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay.

Down he descended strait; the speed of Gods
Time counts not, though with swiftest minutes
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low (wing'd.
From Noon, and gentle Aires due at thir hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd, and usher in

The Eevning coole when he from wrauth more
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both (coole
To sentence Man : the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the Garden, by soft windes
Brought to thir Ears, while day declin'd, they heard,
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest Trees, both Man and Wife, till God
Approaching, thus to *Adam* call'd aloud.

Where art thou *Adam*, wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off? I miss thee here,
Not pleas'd, thus entertain'd with solitude,
Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unsaught:
Or come I less conspicuous, or what change
Absents thee, or what chance detains? Come forth.
He came, and with him *Eve*, more loth, though first
To offend, discount'nanc't both, and discompos'd;

K k 2

Love

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Love was not in thir looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,
Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile.
Whence *Adam* faultring long, thus answer'd brief.

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice
Affraid, being naked, hid my self. To whom
The gracious Judge without revile repli'd.

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
120 But still rejoyc't, how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

To whom thus *Adam* fore beset repli'd.
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergoe
My self the total Crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life;
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remaines,
130 I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint; but strict necessitie
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Least on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd; though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceale.

This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,
140 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in it self,
Her doing seem'd to justify the deed;

Shee

Paradise lost. Book 9.

Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate.

To whom the sovran Prefence thus repli'd.
Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd
Hers in all real dignitie : Adorn'd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts
Were such as under Government well seem'd,
Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part
And person, had'st thou known thy self aright.

150

So having said, he thus to *Eve* in few :
Say Woman, what is this which thou hast done ?

To whom sad *Eve* with shame nigh overwhelm'd,
Confessing soon, yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious, thus abasht repli'd.

160

The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate.

Which when the Lord God heard, without delay
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute, unable to transference
The Guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief, and polluted from the end
Of his Creation ; justly then accurst,
As vitiated in Nature : more to know
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offence ; yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd,
Though in mysterious terms, judg'd as then best :
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall.

170

Because

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

180 Because thou hast done this, thou art accurst
Above all Cattel, each Beast of the Field ;
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe,
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life.
Between Thee and the Woman I will put
Enmitie, and between thine and her Seed ;
Her Seed shall bruise thy head, thou bruise his heel.

So spake this Oracle, then verifi'd
When *Jesus* son of *Mary* second *Eve*,
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n,
Prince of the Aire ; then rising from his Grave
Spoild Principalities and Powers, triumpht
In open shew, and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the Aire,
The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt,
190 Whom he shall tread at last under our feet ;
Eevn hee who now foretold his fatal bruise,
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd.

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie
By thy Conception ; Children thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth, and to thy Husbands will
Thine shall submit, hee over thee shall rule.

On *Adam* last thus judgement he pronounc'd.
Because thou hast heark'nd to the voice of thy
And eaten of the Tree concerning which (Wife,
200 I charg'd thee, saying : Thou shalt not eate thereof,
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake, thou in sorrow
Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life ;
Thornes also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,
In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eate Bread,
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou

Out

Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day 210
Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood
Before him naked to the aire, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the forme of servant to assume,
As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now
As Father of his Familie he clad
Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:
Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins 220
Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,
Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.
To him with swift ascent he up returnd,
Into his blisful bosom reassum'd
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile ere thus was fin'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death, 230
In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Farr into *Chaos*, since the Fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
For us his offspring deare? It cannot be

But

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

But that success attends him ; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his Avenger, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this Deep ; whatever draws me on,
Or sympathie, or som connatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
250 With secret amity things of like kinde
By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade
Inseparable must with mee along :
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But least the difficultie of passing back
Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Maine from Hell to that new World
260 Where Satan now prevales, a Monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,
Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new felt attraction and instinct.
Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon.
Goe whither Fate and inclination strong
Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre
The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw
270 Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The favour of Death from all things there that live :
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest

Be

Paradise lost. Book 9.

Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.

So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
With sent of living Carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.

So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd

His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,

280

Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr.

Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste

Wide Anarchie of *Chaos* damp and dark

Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was great)

Hovering upon the Waters; what they met

Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea

Toft up and down, together crowded drove

From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.

As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse

Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive

290

Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way

Beyond *Petfora* Eastward, to the rich

Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle

Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,

As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm

As *Delos* floating once; the rest his look

Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,

And with *Asphaltic* slime; broad as the Gate,

Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach

They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wraught on

300

Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge

Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Immoveable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to Death ; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Libertie of *Greece* to yoke,
From *Susa* his *Memnonian* Palace high
Came to the Sea, and over *Hellepont*
310 Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd, (waves.
And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
Over the vext Abyss, following the track
Of *Satan*, to the self same place where hee
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare
Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
320 And durable ; and now in little space
The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos'd ; three sev'ral wayes
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,
To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
Betwixt the *Centaure* and the *Scorpion* steering
His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose :
330 Disguis'd he came, but those his Childern dear
Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
Hee, after *Eve* seduc't, unminded slunk
Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act

By

Paradise lost. Book 9.

By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded
 Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that fought
 Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd
 Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth 340
 Might suddenly inflict; that past, return'd
 By Night, and listning where the hapless Paire
 Sate in thir sad discourse, and various plaint,
 Thence gatherd his own doom, which understood
 Not instant, but of future time. With joy
 And tidings fraught, to Hell he now return'd,
 And at the brink of *Chaos*, neer the foot
 Of this new wondrous Pontifice, unhop't
 Met who to meet him came, his Offspring dear.
 Great joy was at thir meeting, and at sight 350
 Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd.
 Long hee admiring stood, till Sin, his faire
 Inchanting Daughter, thus the silence broke.

O Parent, these are thy magnific deeds,
 Thy Trophies, which thou view'st as not thine
 Thou art thir Author and prime Architect: (own,
 For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd,
 My Heart, which by a secret harmonie
 Still moves with thine, joyn'd in connexion sweet,
 That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd, which thy 360
 Now also evidence, but straight I felt (looks
 Though distant from thee Worlds between, yet
 That I must after thee with this thy Son; (felt
 Such fatal consequence unites us three:
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds,
 Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Detain from following thy illustrious track.
Thou hast atchiev'd our libertie, confin'd
Within Hell Gates till now, thou us impow'rd
370 To fortifie thus farr, and overlay
With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyfs.
Thine now is all this World, thy vertue hath won
What thy hands builded not, thy Wisdome gain'd
With odds what Warr hath lost, and fully aveng'd
Our foile in Heav'n; here thou shalt Monarch reign,
There didst not; there let him still Victor sway,
As Battel hath adjudg'd, from this new World
Retiring, by his own doom alienated,
And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide
380 Of all things, parted by th' Empyrean bounds,
His Quadrature, from thy Orbicular World,
Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne.

Whom thus the Prince of Darknes answerd glad.
Fair Daughter, and thou Son and Grandchild both,
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race
Of *Satan* (for I glorie in the name,
Antagonist of Heav'ns Almighty King)
Ample have merited of me, of all
Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore
390 Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious Work, & made one Realm
Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
Of easie thorough-fare. Therefore while I
Descend through Darknes, on your Rode with ease
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoyce,
You two this way, among those numerous Orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend;

There

Paradise lost. Book 9.

There dwell & Reign in blifs, thence on the Earth
Dominion exercife and in the Aire,
Chiefly on Man, fole Lord of all declar'd,
Him firft make fure your thrall, and laftly kill.
My Subftitutes I fend ye, and Create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchlefs might
Ifsuing from mee : on your joynt vigor now
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit.
If your joynt power prevaile, th' affaires of Hell
No detriment need feare, goe and be ftrong.

400

So faying he difmifs'd them, they with fpeed
Thir courfe through thickeft Conftellations held
Spreading thir bane ; the blafed Starrs lookt wan,
And Planets, Planet-ftrook, real Eclips
Then fufferd. Th' other way *Satan* went down
The Caufey to Hell Gate ; on either fide
Disparted *Chaos* over built exclaimd,
And with rebounding furge the barrs affaild,
That fcorn'd his indignation : through the Gate,
Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pafs'd,
And all about found defolate ; for thofe
Appointed to fit there, had left thir charge,
Flown to the upper World ; the reft were all
Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls
Of *Pandæmonium*, Citie and proud feate
Of *Lucifer*, fo by allufion calld,
Of that bright Starr to *Satan* paragond.

410

There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the
In Council fate, follicitous what chance (Grand
Might intercept thir Emperour fent, fo hee
Departing gave command, and they obferv'd.

420

430

As

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe
By *Astracan* over the Snowie Plaines
Retires, or *Bactrian* *Sophi* from the hornes
Of *Turkish* Crescent, leaves all waste beyond
The Realme of *Aladule*, in his retreat
To *Tauris* or *Casbeen*. So these the late
Heav'n-banisht Host, left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark League, reduc't in careful Watch
Round thir Metropolis, and now expecting
440 Each hour their great adventurer from the search
Of Forrein Worlds: he through the midst unmarkt,
In shew plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order, past; and from the dore
Of that *Plutonian* Hall, invisible
Ascended his high Throne, which under state
Of richest texture spred, at th' upper end
Was plac't in regal lustre. Down a while
He sate, and round about him saw unseen:
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head
450 And shape Starr-bright appeer'd, or brighter, clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him, or false glitter: All amaz'd
At that so sudden blaze the *Stygian* throng
Bent thir aspect, and whom they wish'd beheld,
Thir mighty Chief returnd: loud was th' acclaime:
Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers,
Rais'd from thir dark *Divan*, and with like joy
Congratulant approach'd him, who with hand
Silence, and with these words attention won.
460 Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Vertues, Pow-
For in possession such, not onely of right, (ers,
I call ye and declare ye now, returnd

Succes-

<p> Successful beyond hope, to lead ye forth Triumphant out of this infernal Pit Abominable, accurst, the house of woe, And Dungeon of our Tyrant : Now possess, As Lords, a spacious World, to our native Heaven Little inferiour, by my adventure hard With peril great atchiev'd. Long were to tell What I have don, what sufferd, with what paine Voyag'd th' unreal, vast, unbounded deep Of horrible confusion, over which By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd To expedite your glorious march ; but I Toild out my uncouth passage, forc't to ride Th' untractable Abyſſe, plung'd in the womb Of unoriginal <i>Night</i> and <i>Chaos</i> wilde, That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd My journey strange, with clamorous uproare Protesting Fate supream ; thence how I found The new created World, which fame in Heav'n Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful Of absolute perfection, therein Man Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile Made happie : Him by fraud I have seduc'd From his Creator, and the more to increase Your wonder, with an Apple ; he thereat Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up Both his beloved Man and all his World, To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, Without our hazard, labour, or allarme, To range in, and to dwell, and over Man To rule, as over all he should have rul'd. True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather </p>	<p>470</p> <p>480</p> <p>490</p>
--	----------------------------------

Mec

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

500 Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape
Man I deceav'd : that which to mee belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Mee and Mankinde ; I am to bruise his heel ;
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head :
A World who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain ? Ye have th' account
Of my performance : What remains, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full blifs.

570 So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Thir universal shout and high applause
To fill his eare, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal his, the sound
Of public scorn ; he wonderd, but not long
Had leasure, wondring at himself now more ;
His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power
Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,
According to his doom : he would have spoke,
But his for his returnd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd

520 Alike, to Serpents all as accessories
To his bold Riot : dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and taile,
Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbæna* dire,
Cerastes hornd, *Hydrus*, and *Ellops* drear,
And *Dipsas* (Not so thick swarm'd once the Soil
Bedropt

Paradise lost. Book 9.

Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon*, or the Isle
Ophiusa) but still greatest hee the midst,
 Now Dragon grown, larger then whom the Sun
 Ingenderd in the *Pythian* Vale on slime,
 Huge *Python*, and his Power no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to retain; they all
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field,
 Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
 Heav'n-fall'n, in station stood or just array,
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief;
 They saw, but other sight instead, a crowd
 Of ugly Serpents; horror on them fell,
 And horrid sympathie; for what they saw,
 They felt themselvs now changing; down thir arms,
 Down fell both Spear and Shield, down they as fast,
 And the dire hiss renew'd, and the dire form
 Catcht by Contagion, like in punishment,
 As in thir crime. Thus was th' applause they meant,
 Turnd to exploding hiss, triumph to shame (stood
 Cast on themselves from thir own mouths. There
 A Grove hard by, sprung up with this thir change,
 His will who reigns above, to aggravate
 Thir penance, laden with fair Fruit, like that
 VVhich grew in Paradise, the bait of *Eve*
 Us'd by the Tempter: on that prospect strange
 Thir earnest eyes they fix'd, imagining
 For one forbidden Tree a multitude
 Now ris'n, to work them further woe or shame;
 Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce,
 Though to delude them sent, could not abstain,
 But on they rould in heaps, and up the Trees
 M m Climbing,

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

560 Climbing, fat thicker then the snakie locks
That curld *Megara*: greedily they pluck'd
The Frutage fair to fight, like that which grew
Neer that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd;
This more delusive, not the touch, but taste
Deceav'd; they fondly thinking to allay
Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit
Chewd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste
VVith spattering noise rejected: oft they assayd,
Hunger and thirst constraining, drugd as oft,
VVith hatefullest disrelish writh'd thir jaws
570 VVith foot and cinders fill'd; so oft they fell
Into the same illusion, not as Man (plagu'd
Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they
And worn with Famin, long and ceaseles his,
Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.
However some tradition they dispers'd
Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,
580 And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld
Ophion with *Eurynome*, the wide-
Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule
Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n
And *Ops*, ere yet *Dictæan Jove* was born.
Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
590 On his pale Horse: to whom *Sin* thus began.

Second

Paradise lost. Book 9.

Second of *Satan* sprung, all conquering *Death*,
What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though
With travail difficult, not better farr (earnd
Then stil at Hells dark threshold to have fate watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.
To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,
There best, where most with ravin I may meet ;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems 600
To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.
Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, & Flours
Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,
No homely morsels, and whatever thing
The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,
Till I in Man residing through the Race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey. 610

This said, they both betook them several wayes, 610
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later ; which th' Almightye seeing,
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,
To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder VVorld, which I
So fair and good created, and had still
Kept in that state, had not the folly of Man
Let in these wastful Furies, who impute 620
Folly to mee, so doth the Prince of Hell
And his Adherents, that with so much ease

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav'nly, and conniving seem
To gratifie my scornful Enemies,
That laugh, as if transported with some fit
Of Passion, I to them had quitted all,
At random yeilded up to their misrule ;
And know not that I call'd and drew them thither
630 My Hell-hounds, to lick up the draff and filth
Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure, till cramm'd and gorg'd, nigh
With suckt and glutted offal, at one sling (burst
Of thy victorious Arm, well-pleasing Son,
Both *Sin*, and *Death*, and yawning *Grave* at last
Through *Chaos* hurld, obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever, and seal up his ravenous Jawes.
Then Heav'n and Earth renewd shall be made pure
To sanctitie that shall receive no staine :
640 Till then the Curse pronounc't on both precedes.
Hee ended, and the heav'nly Audience loud
Sung *Halleluia*, as the sound of Seas,
Through multitude that sung : Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works ;
Who can extenuate thee ? Next, to the Son,
Destin'd restorer of Mankind, by whom
New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise,
Or down from Heav'n descend. Such was thir song,
While the Creator calling forth by name
650 His mightie Angels gave them severall charge,
As sorted best with present things. The Sun
Had first his precept so to move, so shine,
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tollerable, and from the North to call

Decrepit

Paradise lost. Book 9.

Decrepit Winter, from the South to bring
Solstitial summers heat. To the blanc Moone
Her office they prescrib'd, to th' other five
Thir planetarie motions and aspects
In *Sextile*, *Square*, and *Trine*, and *Opposite*,
Of noxious efficacie, and when to joyne 660
In Synod unbenigne, and taught the fixt
Thir influence malignant when to showre,
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous: To the Winds they set
Thir corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall.
Some say he bid his Angels turne ascanse
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Suns Axle; they with labour push'd 670
Oblique the Centric Globe: Som say the Sun
Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode
Like distant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n
Atlantick Sisters, and the *Spartan* Twins
Up to the *Tropic* Crab; thence down amaine
By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,
As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change
Of Seasons to each Clime; else had the Spring
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
Equal in Days and Nights, except to those 680
Beyond the Polar Circles; to them Day
Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
To recompence his distance, in thir sight
Had rounded still th' *Horizon*, and not known
Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow
From cold *Estotiland*, and South as farr

Beneath

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

690 Beneath *Magellan*. At that tasted Fruit
The Sun, as from *Thyestean* Banquet, turn'd
His course intended; else how had the World
Inhabited, though sinless, more then now,
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?
These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
Like change on Sea and Land, fideral blast,
Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,
Corrupt and Pestilent: Now from the North
Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar
Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice
And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,
700 *Boreas* and *Cæcias* and *Argestes* loud
And *Thrascias* rend the Woods and Seas upturn;
With adverse blast up-turns them from the South
Notus and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds
From *Serraliona*; thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the *Levant* and the *Ponent* VVindes
Eurus and *Zephir* with thir lateral noise,
Sirocco, and *Libecchio*. Thus began
Outrage from liveless things; but Discord first
Daughter of Sin, among th' irrational,
Death introduc'd through fierce antipathie:
710 Beast now with Beast gan war, & Fowle with Fowle,
And Fish with Fish; to graze the Herb all leaving,
Devour'd each other; nor stood much in awe
Of Man, but fled him, or with count'nance grim
Glar'd on him passing: these were from without
The growing miseries, which *Adam* saw
Alreadie in part, though hid in gloomiest shade,
To sorrow abandond, but worse felt within,
And in a troubl'd Sea of passion tost,

Thus

Paradise lost. Book 9.

Thus to disburd'n fought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie! is this the end
Of this new glorious World, and mee so late
The Glory of that Glory, who now becom
Accurst of blessed, hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
Of happines: yet well, if here would end
The miserie, I deserv'd it, and would beare
My own deservings; but this will not serve;
All that I eate or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard

720

Delightfully, *Encrease and multiply*,
Now death to heare! for what can I encrease
Or multiplie, but curses on my head?
Who of all Ages to succeed, but feeling
The evil on him brought by me, will curse
My Head, Ill fare our Ancestor impure,
For this we may thank *Adam*; but his thanks
Shall be the execration; so besides

730

Mine own that bide upon me, all from mee
Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound,
On mee as on thir natural center light
Heavie, though in thir place. O fleeting joyes
Of Paradise, deare bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker, from my Clay
To mould me Man, did I sollicite thee
From darkness to promote me, or here place
In this delicious Garden? as my Will
Concurd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resigne, and render back
All I receav'd, unable to performe

740

750

Thy

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Thy terms too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I fought not. To the loss of that,
Sufficient penaltie, why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy Justice seems; yet to say truth, too late,
I thus contest; then should have been refusd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd:
Thou didst accept them; wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
760 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I fought it not:
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But Natural necessity begot.
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will.
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
770 That dust I am, and shall to dust returne:
O welcom hour whenever! why delays
His hand to execute what his Decree
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth
Insensible, how glad would lay me down
As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
780 Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
To mee and to my offspring would torment me
With cruel expectation. Yet one doubt

Pursues

Paradise lost. Book 9.

Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,
Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this corporeal Clod ; then in the Grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living Death ? O thought
Horrid, if true ! yet why ? it was but breath
Of Life that sinn'd ; what dies but what had life 790
And sin ? the Bodie properly hath neither.
All of me then shall die : let this appease
The doubt, since humane reach no further knows.
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrauth also ? be it, man is not so,
But mortal doom'd. How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end ?
Can he make deathless Death ? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself
Impossible is held, as Argument 800
Of weakness, not of Power. Will he, draw out,
For angers sake, finite to infinite
In punisht man, to satisfie his rigour
Satisfi'd never ; that were to extend
His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law,
By which all Causes else according still
To the reception of thir matter act,
Not to th' extent of thir own Spheare. But say
That Death be not one stroak, as I suppos'd,
Bereaving sense, but endless miserie 810
From this day onward, which I feel begun
Both in me, and without me, and so last
To perpetuitie ; Ay me, that fear
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution

N n

On

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

On my defenseless head ; both Death and I
Am found Eternal, and incorporate both,
Nor I on my part single, in mee all
Posteritie stands curst : Fair Patrimonie
That I must leave ye, Sons ; O were I able
820 To waste it all my self, and leave ye none !
So disinherited how would ye blest
Me now your Curse ! Ah, why should all mankind
For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn'd,
If guiltless ? But from mee what can proceed,
But all corrupt, both Mind and Will deprav'd,
Not to do onely, but to will the same
With me ? how can they acquitted stand
In sight of God ? Him after all Disputes
Forc't I absolve : all my evasions vain
830 And reasonings, though through Mazes, lead me still
But to my own conviction : first and last
On mee, mee onely, as the source and spring
Of all corruption, all the blame lights due ;
So might the wrauth. Fond wish ! couldst thou sup-
That burden heavier then the Earth to bear, (port
Then all the World much heavier, though divided
With that bad Woman ? Thus what thou desir'st,
And what thou fearst, alike destroyes all hope
Of refuge, and concludes thee miserable
840 Beyond all past example and future,
To *Satan* onely like both crime and doom.
O Conscience, into what Abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driv'n me ; out of which
I find no way, from deep to deeper plung'd !
Thus *Adam* to himself lamented loud
Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,
Whol-

Paradise lost. Book 9.

Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil Conscience represented
All things with double terror: On the ground 850
Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd
Of tardie execution, since denounc't
The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Justice Divine not hast'n to be just?
But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs, 860
VVith other echo late I taught your Shades
To answer, and resound farr other Song.
VVhom thus afflicted when sad *Eve* beheld,
Desolate where she fate, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.

Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false
And hateful; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew 870
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee
Henceforth; least that too heav'nly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happie, had not thy pride
And wandring vanitie, when lest was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

880 To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wife,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a shew
Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie
To my just number found. O why did God,
890 Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n
With Spirits Masculine, create at last
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the World at once
With Men as Angels without Feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? this mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares,
And straight conjunction with this Sex: for either
900 He never shall find out fit Mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake,
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gaind
By a farr worse, or if she love, withheld
By Parents, or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, alreadie linkt and Wedlock-bound
To a fell Adversarie, his hate or shame:
Which infinite calamitie shall cause
To Humane life, and household peace confound.
He added not, and from her turn'd, but *Eve*
910 Not so repulst, with Tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And

Paradise lost. Book 9.

And tresses all disorderd, at his feet
Fell humble, and imbracing them, besaught
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.

Forfake me not thus, *Adam*, witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart
I beare thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappilie deceav'd ; thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees ; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress, 920
My onely strength and stay : forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist ?
While yet we live, scarce one short hour perhaps,
Between us two let there be peace, both joyning,
As joyn'd in injuries, one enmitie
Against a Foe by doom exprest assign'd us,
That cruel Serpent : On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this miserie befall'n,
On me already lost, mee then thy self
More miserable ; both have sin'd, but thou 930
Against God onely, I against God and thee,
And to the place of judgement will return,
There with my cries importune Heaven, that all
The sentence from thy head remov'd may light
On me, sole cause to thee of all this woe,
Mee mee onely just object of his ire.

She ended weeping, and her lowlie plight,
Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wraught
Commiseration ; soon his heart relented 940
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,

Crea-

Book 9. *Paradise Lost.*

Creature so faire his reconcilment seeking,
His counfel whom she had displeas'd, his aide ;
As one difarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon.

950 Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thy self; alas,
Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine
His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet left part,
And my displeasure bearest so ill. If Prayers
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,
To me committed and by me expos'd.
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
960 In offices of Love, how we may light'n
Each others burden in our share of woe ;
Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac't evill,
A long days dying to augment our paine,
And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd.

To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, repli'd.
Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can finde,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
970 Found so unfortunate ; nevertheless,
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying from thee I will not hide

What

Paradise lost. Book 9.

What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,
Tending to som relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice.
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devourd
By Death at last, and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring
Into this curst World a woful Race,
That after wretched Life must be at last
Food for so foule a Monster, in thy power
It lies, yet ere Conception to prevent
The Race unblest, to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, Childless remaine :
So Death shall be deceav'd his glut, and with us two
Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw.
But if thou judge it hard and difficult,
Conversing, looking, loving, to abstain
From Loves due Rites, Nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope,
Before the present object languishing
With like desire, which would be miserie
And torment less then none of what we dread,
Then both our selves and Seed at once to free
From what we fear for both, let us make short,
Let us seek Death, or hee not found, supply
With our own hands his Office on our selves ;
Why stand we longer shivering under feares,
That shew no end but Death, and have the power,
Of many wayes to die the shortest choosing,
Destruction

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Destruction with destruction to destroy.

She ended heer, or vehement despaire
Broke off the rest; so much of Death her thoughts
Had entertaind, as di'd her Cheeks with pale.

1010 But *Adam* with such counsel nothing sway'd,
To better hopes his more attentive minde
Labouring had rais'd, and thus to *Eve* repli'd.

Eve, thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee somthing more sublime
And excellent then what thy minde contemnes;
But self-destruction therefore saught, refutes
That excellence thought in thee, and implies,
Not thy contempt, but anguish and regret
For los of life and pleasure overlov'd.

1020 Or if thou covet death, as utmost end
Of miserie, so thinking to evade
The penaltie pronounc't, doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so
To be forestall'd; much more I fear least Death
So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine
We are by doom to pay; rather such acts
Of contumacie will provoke the highest
To make death in us live: Then let us seek
Som safer resolution, which methinks

1030 I have in view, calling to minde with heed
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise
The Serpents head; piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit: to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed; which will be lost

By

Paradise lost. Book 9.

By death brought on our selves, or childless days
Resolv'd, as thou propos'st; so our Foe
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee
Instead shall double ours upon our heads. 1040
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and favours onely
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our Necks. Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrauth or reviling; wee expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought 1050
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,
Fruit of thy Womb: On mee the Curse aslope
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne
My bread; what harm? Idleness had bin worse;
My labour will sustain me; and least Cold
Or Heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbefought provided, and his hands
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd; 1060
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
Which now the Skie with various Face begins
To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading Trees; which bids us seek
O o Some

Book 9. *Paradise lost.*

Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish
 Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr -
 1070 Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
 Or by collision of two bodies grinde
 The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
 Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock
 Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n
 Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine, (down
 And sends a comfortable heat from farr,
 Which might supplie the Sun: such Fire to use,
 And what may else be remedie or cure
 1080 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought,
 Hee will instruct us praying, and of Grace
 Beseeching him, so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life, sustain'd
 By him with many comforts, till we end
 In dust, our final rest and native home.
 What better can we do, then to the place
 Repairing where he judg'd us, prostrate fall
 Before him reverent, and there confess
 Humbly our faults, and pardon beg, with tears
 1090 VVatering the ground, and with our sighs the Air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
 From his displeasure; in whose look serene,
 VVhen angry most he seem'd and most severe,
 VVhat else but favor, grace, and mercie shon?
 So spake our Father penitent, nor *Eve*
 Felt less remorse: they forthwith to the place

Re-

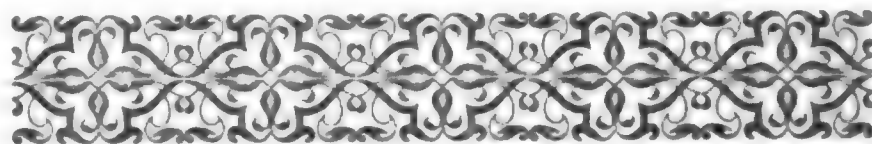
Paradise lost. Book 9.

Repairing where he judg'd them prostrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confess'd
Humbly thir faults, and pardon beg'd, with tears
VVatering the ground, and with thir sighs the Air
Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
Of sorrow unfeign'd, and humiliation meek.

1100

The End of the Ninth Book.

O o 2 P A R A -



PARADISE LOST.

BOOK X.



Hus they in lowliest plight repentant
stood
Praying, for from the Mercie-seat
above
Prevenient Grace descending had re-
mov'd
The stonie from thir hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerat grow instead, that sighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
Then loudest Oratorie: yet thir port
Not of mean suiters, nor important less
10 Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair
In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,
Deucalion and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore
The Race of Mankind drownd, before the Shrine
Of *Themis* stood devout. To Heav'n thir prayers
Flew

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Flew up, nor misd the way, by envious windes
 Blow'n vagabond or frustrate: in they pafsd
 Dimentionless through Heav'nly dores; then clad
 With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
 By thir great Intercessor, came in fight
 Before the Fathers Throne: Them the glad Son
 Presenting, thus to intercede began. 20

See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung
 From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs
 And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt
 With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,
 Fruits of more pleasing favour from thy seed
 Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those
 Which his own hand manuring all the Trees
 Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n
 From innocence. Now therefore bend thine eare 30
 To supplication, heare his sighs though mute;
 Unskilful with what words to pray let me,
 Interpret for him, mee his Advocate
 And propitiation, all his works on mee
 Good or not good ingraft, my Merit those
 Shall perfet, and for these my Death shall pay.
 Accept me, and in mee from these receive
 The smell of peace toward Mankinde, let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd, at least his days
 Numberd, though sad, till Death, his doom (which I 40
 To mitigate thus plead, not to reverse)
 To better life shall yeeld him, where with mee
 All my redeemd may dwell in joy and blifs,
 Made one with me as I with thee am one.

To whom the Father, without Cloud, serene.
 All thy request for Man, accepted Son,

Obtain,

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Obtain, all thy request was my Decree :
But longer in that Paradise to dwell,
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids :
50 Those pure immortal Elements that know
No gross, no unharmonious mixture foule,
Eject him tainted now, and purge him off
As a distemper, gross to aire as gross,
And mortal food, as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by Sin, that first
Distemperd all things, and of incorrupt
Corrupted. I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endowd, with Happiness
And Immortalitie : that fondly lost,
60 This other serv'd but to eternize woe ;
Till I provided Death ; so Death becomes
His final remedie, and after Life
Tri'd in sharp tribulation, and refin'd
By Faith and faithful works, to second Life,
Wak't in the renovation of the just,
Resignes him up with Heav'n and Earth renewd.
But let us call to Synod all the Blest
Through Heav'ns wide bounds ; from them I will not
My judgments, how with Mankind I proceed, (hide
70 As how with peccant Angels late they saw ;
And in thir state, though firm, stood more confirmd.
He ended, and the Son gave signal high
To the bright Minister that watchd, hee blew
His Trumpet, heard in *Oreb* since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general Doom. Th' Angelic blast
Filld all the Regions : from thir blisful Bows
Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,

By

Paradise lost. Book 10.

By the waters of Life, where ere they fate
In fellowships of joy : the Sons of Light
Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,
And took thir Seats ; till from his Throne supream
Th' Almighty thus pronounced his sovran Will.

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste
Of that defended Fruit; but let him boast
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by it self, and Evil not at all.

He sorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite,
My motions in him, longer then they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left. Least therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the Garden forth to Till
The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile.

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession som new trouble raise :
Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,
From hallowd ground th' unholy, and denounce
To them and to thir Progenie from thence
Perpetual banishment. Yet least they faint
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them soft'nd and with tears

Bewail-

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Bewailing thir exceſs, all terror hide.
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Diſmiſs them not diſconſolate; reveale
 To *Adam* what ſhall come in future dayes,
 As I ſhall thee enlighten, intermix
 My Cov'nant in the Womans ſeed renewd;
 So ſend them forth, though ſorrowing, yet in peace:
 And on the Eaſt ſide of the Garden place,
 Where entrance up from *Eden* eaſieſt climbs,
 120 Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame
 Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
 And guard all paſſage to the Tree of Life:
 Leaſt *Paradiſe* a receptacle prove
 To Spirits foule, and all my Trees thir prey,
 With whoſe ſtol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.
 He ceaſ'd; and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd
 For ſwift deſcent, with him the Cohort bright
 Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
 Had, like a double *Janus*, all thir ſhape
 130 Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then thoſe
 Of *Argus*, and more wakeful then to drouze,
 Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe, the Paſtoral Reed
 Of *Hermes*, or his opiate Rod. Mean while
 To reſalute the World with ſacred Light
Leucothea wak'd, and with freſh dews imbalmd
 The Earth, when *Adam* and firſt Matron *Eve*
 Had ended now thir Oriſons, and found,
 Strength added from above, new hope to ſpring
 Out of deſpaire, joy, but with fear yet linkt,
 140 Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renewd.
Eve, eaſily may Faith admit, that all
 The good which we enjoy, from Heav'n deſcends
 But

Paradise lost. Book 10.

But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n
So prevalent as to concerne the mind
Of God high-blest, or to incline his will,
Hard to belief may seem; yet this will Prayer,
Or one short sigh of humane breath, up-borne
Ev'n to the Seat of God. For since I sought
By Prayer th' offended Deitie to appease, 150
Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart,
Methought I saw him placable and mild,
Bending his eare; perswasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour; peace returnd
Home to my brest, and to my memorie
His promise, that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe;
Which then not minded in dismay, yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past, and we shall live. Whence Haile to thee,
Eve rightly call'd, Mother of all Mankind, 160
Mother of all things living, since by thee
Man is to live, and all things live for Man.

To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.
Ill worthie I such title should belong
To me transgressor, who for thee ordaind
A help, became thy snare; to mee reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise:
But infinite in pardon was my Judge,
That I who first brought Death on all, am grac't
The source of life; next favourable thou, 170
Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st,
Farr other name deserving. But the Field
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless Night; for see the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins

P p

Her

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Her roſie progreſs ſmiling; let us forth,
I never from thy ſide henceforth to ſtray,
Whereſore our days work lies, though now enjoind
Laborious, till day droop; while here we dwell,
What can be toilsom in theſe pleaſant Walkes?
180 Here let us live, though in fall'n ſtate, content.
So ſpake, ſo wiſh'd much-humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate
Subſcrib'd not; Nature firſt gave Signs, impreſt
On Bird, Beaſt, Aire, Aire ſuddenly eclips'd
After ſhort bluſh of Morn; nigh in her ſight
The Bird of *Jove*, ſtoopt from his aerie tour,
Two Birds of gayeſt plume before him drove:
Down from a Hill the Beaſt that reigns in Woods,
Firſt Hunter then, purſu'd a gentle brace,
Goodlieſt of all the Forreſt, Hart and Hinde;
190 Direct to th' Eaſtern Gate was bent thir flight.
Adam obſerv'd, and with his Eye the chaſe
Purſuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus ſpake.
O *Eve*, ſome furdere change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by theſe mute ſigns in Nature ſhews
Forerunners of his purpoſe, or to warn
Us haply too ſecure of our diſcharge
From penaltie, becauſe from death releaſt
Some days; how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more then this, that we are duſt,
200 And thither muſt return and be no more.
VVhy elſe this double object in our ſight
Of flight purſu'd in th' Air and ore the ground
One way the ſelf-ſame hour? why in the Eaſt
Darkneſs ere Dayes mid-courſe, and Morning light
More orient in yon VVeſtern Cloud that draws
O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,

And

Paradise lost. Book 10.

And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught.

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands

Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now

In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,

210

A glorious Apparition, had not doubt

And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adams* eye.

Not that more glorious, when the Angels met

Jacob in *Mahanaim*, where he saw

The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright ;

Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeer'd

In *Dothan*, cover'd with a Camp of Fire,

Against the *Syrian* King, who to surprize

One man, Assassin-like had levied Warr,

Warr unproclam'd. The Princely Hierarch

220

In thir bright stand, there left his Powers to seise

Possession of the Garden ; hee alone,

To finde where *Adam* shelterd, took his way,

Not unperceav'd of *Adam*, who to *Eve*,

While the great Visitant approachd, thus spake.

Eve, now expect great tidings, which perhaps

Of us will soon determin, or impose

New Laws to be observ'd ; for I descrie

From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill

One of the heav'nly Host, and by his Gate

230

None of the meanest, some great Potentate

Or of the Thrones above, such Majestie

Invests him coming ; yet not terrible,

That I should fear, nor sociably mild,

As *Raphael*, that I should much confide,

But solemn and sublime, whom not to offend,

With reverence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended ; and th' Arch-Angel soon drew nigh,

P p 2

Not

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

240 Not in his shape Celestial, but as Man
Clad to meet Man ; over his lucid Armes
A militarie Vest of purple flowd
Livelier than *Melibæan*, or the graine
Of *Sarra*, worn by Kings and Hero's old
In time of Truce ; *Iris* had dipt the wooff ;
His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended ; by his side
As in a glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword,
Satans dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.
250 *Adam* bowd low, hee Kingly from his State
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.

Adam, Heav'ns high behest no Preface needs :
Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard, and Death,
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seisure many dayes
Giv'n thee of Grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayst cover : well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime ;
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
260 Permits not ; to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the Garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.

He added not, for *Adam* at the newes
Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound ; *Eve*, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.

O unexpected stroke, worse then of Death !
Must I thus leave thee Paradise ? thus leave
270 Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades,
Fit

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flours,
 That never will in other Climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,
 Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke
 Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
 Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower World, to this obscure
 And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire
 Less pure, accusom'd to immortal Fruits?

280

Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde.
 Lament not *Eve*, but patiently resigne
 What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
 Thus over fond, on that which is not thine;
 Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
 Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;
 Where he abides, think there thy native soile.

290

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
 Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
 To *Michael* thus his humble words address'd.

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
 Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem
 Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
 And in performing end us; what besides
 Of sorrow and dejection and despair
 Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,

300

Depar-

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and onely consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appeer and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known : and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
310 To wearie him with my assiduous cries :
But prayer against his absolute Decree
No more availes then breath against the winde,
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth :
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprivd
His blessed count'nance ; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he voutsaf'd
320 Presence Divine, and to my Sons relate ;
On this Mount he appeerd, under this Tree
Stood visible, among these Pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this Fountain talk'd :
So many grateful Altars I would'reare
Of grassie Terfe, and pile up every Stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memorie,
Or monument to Ages, and thereon
Offer sweet smelling Gumms & Fruits and Flours :
In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace ?
330 For though I fled him angrie, yet recall'd
To life prolongd and promis'd Race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and farr off his steps adore.
To whom thus *Michael* with regard benigne.

Adam,

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Adam, thou know'st Heav'n his, and all the Earth,
Not this Rock onely; his Omnipresence fills
Land, Sea, and Aire, and every kinde that lives,
Fomented by his virtual power and warmd :
All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule,
No despicable gift; surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
Of Paradise or *Eden*: this had been
Perhaps thy Capital Seate, from whence had spred
All generations, and had hither come
From all the ends of th' Earth, to celebrate
And reverence thee thir great Progenitor.
But this præminence thou hast lost, brought down
To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons:
Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine
God is as here, and will be found alike
Present, and of his presence many a signe
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal Love, his Face
Express, and of his steps the track Divine.
Which that thou may'st beleieve, and be confirmd,
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To shew thee what shall come in future dayes
To thee and to thy Offspring; good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending
With sinfulness of Men; thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally enur'd
By moderation either state to beare,
Prosperous or adverse: so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes. Ascend

340

350

360

This

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

This Hill ; let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
As once thou slep'st, while Shee to life was formd.
370 To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd.
Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turne
My obvious breast, arming to overcom
By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,
If so I may attain. So both ascend
In the Visions of God : It was a Hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The Hemisphere of Earth in cleere'st Ken
380 Stretcht out to ample'st reach of prospect lay.
Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,
To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory.
His Eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
Of mightiest Empire, from the destin'd Walls
Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaian Can*
And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,
390 To *Paquin* of *Sinæan* Kings, and thence
To *Agra* and *Lahor* of great *Mogul*
Down to the golden *Chersonese*, or where
The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* fate, or since
In *Hispahan*, or where the *Russian Ksar*
In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,
Turcheſtan-born ; nor could his eye not ken
Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port
Ercoco and the less Maritime Kings

Mombaza

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Mombaza, and Quiloa, and Melind,
And *Sofala* thought *Ophir*, to the Realme
Of *Congo*, and *Angola* fardest South ;
Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount
The Kingdoms of *Almanfor*, *Fez* and *Sus*,
Marocco and *Algiers*, and *Tremisen* ;
On *Europe* thence, and where *Rome* was to sway
The VWorld : in Spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich *Mexico* the seat of *Motezume*,
And *Cusco* in *Peru*, the richer seat
Of *Atabalipa*, and yet unspoil'd
Guiana, whose great Citie *Geryons* Sons
Call *El Dorado* : but to nobler fights
Michael from *Adams* eyes the Filme remov'd
VWhich that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight
Had bred ; then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue
The visual Nerve, for he had much to see ;
And from the VVell of Life three drops instill'd.
So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd,
Eevn to the inmost seat of mental sight,
That *Adam* now enforc't to close his eyes,
Sunk down and all his Spirits became intransit :
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais'd, and his attention thus recall'd.

Adam, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
Th' excepted Tree, nor with the Snake conspir'd,
Nor sinn'd thy sin, yet from that sin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he op'nd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were Sheaves

99

New

Book 10. *Paradise Lost.*

New reapt, the other part sheep-walks and foulds ;
Ith' midst an Altar as the Land-mark stood
Rustic, of grassie ford ; thither anon
A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought
First Fruits, the green Eare, and the yellow Sheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand ; a Shepherd next
More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock
Choiceest and best ; then sacrificing, laid
The Inwards and thir Fat, with Incense strew'd,
440 On the cleft Wood, and all due Rites perform'd.
His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n
Consum'd with nimble glance, and grateful steame ;
The others not, for his was not sincere ;
Whereat hee inlie rag'd, and as they talk'd,
Smote him into the Midriff with a stone
That beat out life ; he fell, and deadly pale
Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd.
Much at that sight was *Adam* in his heart
Dismai'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd.
450 O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd ;
Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid ?
T' whom *Michael* thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd.
These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come
Out of thy loyns ; th' unjust the just hath slain,
For envie that his Brothers Offering found
From Heav'n acceptance ; but the bloodie Fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd
Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,
460 Rowling in dust and gore. To which our Sire.
Alas, both for the deed and for the cause !
But have I now seen Death ? Is this the way

Paradise lost. Book 10.

I must return to native dust? O fight
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus *Michael*. Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man; but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead
To his grim Cave, all dismal; yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance then within.

470

Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shal bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear; that thou mayst know
What miserie th' inabstinence of *Eve*

Shall bring on men. Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dark,
A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies

480

Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,
Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,
Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,

Dropsies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums.

Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair
Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch;

And over them triumphant Death his Dart

Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invok't

With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.

490

Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long
Drie-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,

Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd

His best of Man, and gave him up to tears

Q q 2

A

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

A space, till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess,
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.

500 O miserable Mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace. Can thus
Th' Image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faultie since,
To such unfighly sufferings be debas't
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
Retaining still Divine similitude

510 In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Makers Image sake exempt?
Thir Makers Image, answerd *Michael*, then
Forsook them, when themselves they villifi'd
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of *Eve*.

Therefore so abject is thir punishment,
Disfiguring not Gods likeness, but thir own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't
520 While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules
To loathsome sickness, worthily, since they
Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.

I yeild it just, said *Adam*, and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To Death, and mix with our connatural dust?

There

Paradise lost. Book 10.

There is, said *Michael*, if thou well observe
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return :
So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease
Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature :
This is old age ; but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will
To witherd weak & gray ; thy Senses then (change
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,
To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne
A melancholly damp of cold and dry
To waigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The Balme of Life. To whom our Ancestor.

530
540

Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendring up. *Michael* to him repli'd.

Nor love thy Life, nor hate ; but what thou livst
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n :
And now prepare thee for another fight.

550

He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon
Were Tents of various hue ; by some were herds
Of Cattel grazing : others, whence the sound
Of Instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of Harp and Organ ; and who moovd
Thir stops and chords was seen : his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high

Fled

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

560 Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue.
In other part stood one who at the Forge
Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
To som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream
From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind
Into fit moulds prepar'd ; from which he form'd
First his own Toolles ; then, what might else be
Fufil or grav'n in mettle. After these, (wrought
570 But on the hether side a different sort
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir
Down to the Plain descended : by thir guise (Seat,
Just men they seemd, and all thir study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things lost which might preserve
Freedom and Peace to men : they on the Plain
Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay
In Gems and wanton drefs ; to the Harp they fung
580 Soft amorous Ditties, and in dance came on :
The Men though grave, ey'd them, and let thir eyes
Rove without rein, till in the amorous Net
Fast caught, they lik'd, and each his liking chose ;
And now of love they treat till th' Eevning Star
Loves Harbinger appeerd ; then all in heat
They light the Nuptial Torch, and bid invoke
Hymen, then first to marriage Rites invok't ;
With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound.
Such happy interview and fair event
590 Of love & youth not lost, Songs, Garlands, Flours,
And

Paradise lost. Book 10.

And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart
Of *Adam*, soon enclin'd to admit delight,
The bent of Nature ; which he thus exprefs'd.

True opener of mine eyes, prime Angel blest,
Much better seems this Vision, and more hope
Of peaceful dayes portends, then those two past ;
Those were of hate and death, or pain much worfe,
Here Nature seems fulfilld in all her ends.

To whom thus *Michael*. Judg not what is best
By pleasure, though to Nature seeming meet,
Created, as thou art, to nobler end
Holie and pure, conformitie divine.

600

Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant, were the Tents
Of wickedness, wherein shall dwell his Race
Who slew his Brother ; studious they appere
Of Arts that polish Life, Inventers rare,
Unmindful of thir Maker, though his Spirit
Taught them, but they his gifts acknowledg'd none.

Yet they a beauteous ofspring shall beget ;
For that fair femal Troop thou sawst, that seemd
Of Goddeses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good wherein consists

610

Womans domestic honour and chief praise ;
Bred onely and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance,
To drefs, and troule the Tongue, and roule the Eye.
To these that sober Race of Men, whose lives

Religious titl'd them the Sons of God,
Shall yeild up all thir vertue , all thir fame
Ignobly, to the traines and to the smiles
Of these fair Atheists, and now swim in joy,
(Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh ; for which

620

The

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

The world erelong a world of tears must weepe.

To whom thus *Adam* of short joy bereft.

O pittie and shame, that they who to live well
Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint !

But still I see the tenor of Mans woe

Holds on the same, from Woman to begin.

630 From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdom, and superiour gifts receavd.
But now prepare thee for another Scene.

He lookd and saw wide Territorie spread
Before him, Towns, and rural works between,
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,
Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatening Warr,
Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise ;
640 Part wield thir Arms, part curb the foaming Steed,
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd
Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustring stood ;
One way a Band select from forage drives
A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine
From a fat Meddow ground ; or fleecy Flock,
Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,
Thir Bootie ; scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,
But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray ;
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine ;
Where Cattel pastur'd late, now scatterd lies
650 With Carcasses and Arms th' enfanguind Field
Deserted : Others to a Citie strong
Lay Siege, encampt ; by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,
Assaulting ; others from the Wall defend
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire ;

On

Paradise lost. Book 10.

On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds.
In other part the scepter'd Haralds call
To Council in the Citie Gates : anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,
Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon
In factious opposition, till at last 660
Of middle Age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong,
Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
And Judgement from above : him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands,
Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence
Unseen amid the throng : so violence
Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law
Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found.
Adam was all in tears, and to his guide 670
Lamenting turnd full sad ; O what are these,
Deaths Ministers, not Men, who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew
His Brother ; for of whom such massacher
Make they but of thir Brethren, men of men ?
But who was that Just Man, whom had not Heav'n
Rescu'd, had in his Righteousness bin lost ?
To whom thus *Michael* ; These are the product 680
Of those ill-mated Marriages thou saw'st ;
Where good with bad were matcht, who of them-
Abhor to joyn ; and by imprudence mixt, (selves
Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind.
Such were these Giants, men of high renown ;
For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir'd,
And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd ;

R r

To

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

690 To overcome in Battel, and subdue
Nations, and bring home spoils with infinite
Man-slaughter, shall be held the highest pitch
Of human Glorie, and for Glorie done
Of triumph, to be styl'd great Conquerours,
Patrons of Mankind, Gods, and Sons of Gods,
Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men.
Thus Fame shall be achiev'd, renown on Earth,
And what most merits fame in silence hid.
But hee the seventh from thee, whom thou beheldst
The onely righteous in a World perverse,
And therefore hated, therefore so beset
700 With Foes for daring single to be just,
And utter odious Truth, that God would come
To judge them with his Saints: Him the most High
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds
Did, as thou sawst, receive, to walk with God
High in Salvation and the Climes of blifs,
Exempt from Death; to shew thee what reward
Awaits the good, the rest what punishment;
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold.
He look'd, & saw the face of things quite chang'd;
710 The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar,
All now was turn'd to jollitie and game,
To luxurie and riot, feast and dance,
Marrying or prostituting, as befell,
Rape or Adulterie, where passing faire
Allurd them; thence from Cups to civil Broiles.
At length a Reverend Sire among them came,
And of thir doings great dislike declar'd,
And testifi'd against thir wayes; hee oft
Frequented thir Assemblies, where so met,
Triumphs

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd
Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls
In prison under Judgements imminent :
But all in vain : which when he saw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off ;
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,
Measur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,
Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large
For Man and Beast : when loe a wonder strange !
Of everie Beast, and Bird, and Insect small
Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught
Thir order ; last the Sire, and his three Sons
With thir four Wives ; and God made fast the dore.
Meanwhile the Southwind rose, & with black wings
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav'n ; the Hills to their supplie
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain ; and now the thick'nd Skie
Like a dark Ceiling stood ; down rush'd the Rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
No more was seen ; the floating Vessel swum
Uplifted ; and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else
Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp
Deep under water rould ; Sea cover'd Sea,
Sea without shoar ; and in thir Palaces
Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabl'd ; of Mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark't.
How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold

R r 2

The

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

The end of all thy Ofspring, end fo fad,
Depopulation ; thee another Floud,
Of tears and forrow a Floud thee alfo drown'd,
And funk thee as thy Sons ; till gently reard
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou floodft at laft,
Though comfortlefs, as when a Father mourns
His Childern, all in view destroyd at once ;
And scarce to th' Angel utterdft thus thy plaint.

760 O Vifions ill forefeen ! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, fo had borne
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot
Anough to bear ; thofe now, that were difpenft
The burd'n of many Ages, on me light
At once, by my foreknowledge gaining Birth
Abortive, to torment me ere thir being,
With thought that they muft be. Let no man feek
Henceforth to be foretold what fhall befall
Him or his Childern, evil he may be fure,
770 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent,
And hee the future evil fhall no lefs
In apprehenfion then in fubftance feel
Grievous to bear : but that care now is paff,
Man is not whom to warne : thofe few escap't
Famin and anguifh will at laft confume
Wandring that watrie Defert : I had hope
When violence was ceas't, and Warr on Earth,
All would have then gon well, peace would have
With length of happy days the race of man ; (crownd
But I was farr deceav'd ; for now I fee
780 Peace to corrupt no lefs then Warr to wafte.
How comes it thus ? unfould, Celeftial Guide,
And whether here the Race of man will end.

To

Paradise lost. Book 10.

To whom thus <i>Michael</i> , Those whom last thou sawst In triumph and luxurious wealth, are they First seen in acts of prowess eminent And great exploits, but of true vertu void ; Who having spilt much blood, and don much waste Subduing Nations, and achievd thereby Fame in the World, high titles, and rich prey, Shall change thir course to pleasure, ease, and sloth,	790
Surfet, and lust, till wantonness and pride Raife out of friendship hostil deeds in Peace. The conquerd also, and enslav'd by Warr Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose And feare of God, from whom thir pietie feign'd In sharp contest of Battel found no aide Against invaders ; therefore coold in zeale Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure, Worldlie or dissolute, on what thir Lords Shall leave them to enjoy ; for th' Earth shall bear	800
More then anough, that temperance may be tri'd : So all shall turn degenerate, all deprav'd, Justice and Temperance, Truth and Faith forgot ; One Man except, the onely Son of light In a dark Age, against example good, Against allurement, custom, and a World Offended ; fearless of reproach and scorn, Or violence, hee of thir wicked wayes Shall them admonish, and before them set The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,	810
And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come On thir impenitence ; and shall returne Of them derided, but of God observd The one just Man alive ; by his command	
Shall	

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and household from amidst
A World devote to universal rack.
No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast
Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,
820 And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts
Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre
Raine day and night, all fountaines of the Deep
Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest Hills: then shall this Mount
Of Paradise by might of Waves be moovd
Out of his place, pushd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
830 Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
And there take root an Iland salt and bare,
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang.
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell.
And now what further shall ensue, behold.
He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the flood,
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
Driv'n by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd ;
840 And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glasse
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,
As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had
His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut. (stopt
The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
Fast

Book 10.

Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt.
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer ;
With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde.
Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
And after him, the furer messenger,
A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light ;
The second time returning, in his Bill
An Olive leafe he brings, pacific signe :
Anon drie ground appeers, and from his Arke
The ancient Sire descends with all his Train ;
Then with uplifted hands, and eyes devout,
Grateful to Heav'n, over his head beholds
A dewie Cloud, and in the Cloud a Bow
Conspicuous with three listd colours gay,
Betok'ning peace from God, and Cov'nant new.
Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad
Greatly rejoyc'd, and thus his joy broke forth.
O thou that future things canst represent
As present, Heav'nly instructor, I revive
At this last sight, assur'd that Man shall live
With all the Creatures, and thir seed preserve.
Farr less I now lament for one whole World
Of wicked Sons destroyd, then I rejoyce
For one Man found so perfet and so just,
That God voutsafes to raise another World
From him, and all his anger to forget.
But say, what mean those colourd streaks in Heavn,
Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd,
Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde
The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud,
Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth? To

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

880 To whom th' Archangel. Dextrously thou aim'st;
So willingly doth God remit his Ire,
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd,
Griev'd at his heart, when looking down he saw
The whole Earth fill'd with violence, and all flesh
Corrupting each thir way; yet those remoov'd,
Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight,
That he relents, not to blot out mankind,
And makes a Covenant never to destroy
The Earth again by flood, nor let the Sea
Surpass his bounds, nor Rain to drown the World
890 With Man therein or Beast; but when he brings
Over the Earth a Cloud, will therein set
His triple-colour'd Bow, whereon to look
And call to mind his Cov'nant: Day and Night,
Seed time and Harvest, Heat and hoary Frost
Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new,
Both Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell.
Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end;
And Man as from a second stock proceed.
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
900 Thy mortal sight to faile; objects divine
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense:
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend.
This second fourd of Men, while yet but few;
And while the dread of judgement past remains
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,
910 Corn wine and oyle; and from the herd or flock,
Oft

Paradise lost. Book 10.

<p>Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid, With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell Long time in peace by Families and Tribes Under paternal rule; till one shall rise Of proud ambitious heart, who not content With fair equalitie, fraternal state, Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd Over his brethren, and quite dispossess Concord and law of Nature from the Earth; Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game) With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse Subjection to his Empire tyrannous: A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n, Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie; And from Rebellion shall derive his name, Though of Rebellion others he accuse.</p>	<p>920</p>
<p>Hee with a crew, whom like Ambition joyns With him or under him to tyrannize, Marching from <i>Eden</i> towards the West, shall finde The Plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge Boiles out from under ground, the mouth of Hell; Of Brick, and of that stuff they cast to build A Citie & Towre, whose top may reach to Heav'n; And get themselves a name, least far disperst In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost, Regardless whether good or evil fame.</p>	<p>930</p>
<p>But God who oft descends to visit men Unseen, and through thir habitations walks To mark thir doings, them beholding soon, Comes down to see thir Citie, ere the Tower</p>	<p>940</p>

S f

Obstruct

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Obstruct Heav'n Towers, and in derision sets
Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to raise
Quite out thir Native Language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown :
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the Builders ; each to other calls
Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
950 As mockt they storm ; great laughter was in Heav'n
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange
And hear the din ; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion nam'd.

Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd.
O execrable Son so to aspire
Above his Brethren, to himself assuming
Authoritie usurpt, from God not giv'n :
He gave us onely over Beast, Fish, Fowl
Dominion absolute ; that right we hold
960 By his donation ; but Man over men
He made not Lord ; such title to himself
Reserving, human left from human free.
But this Usurper his encroachment proud
Stayes not on Man ; to God his Tower intends
Siege and defiance : Wretched man ! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain
Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread ?

970 To whom thus *Michael*. Justly thou abhorr'st
That Son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational Libertie ; yet know withall,
Since thy original lapse, true Libertie

Is

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no diuidual being :
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart Passions catch the Government
From Reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just
Subjects him from without to violent Lords ;
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
His outward freedom : Tyrannie must be,
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse.
Yet somtimes Nations will decline so low
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But Justice, and some fatal curse annex
Deprives them of thir outward libertie,
Thir inward lost : Witness th' irreverent Son
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race.
Thus will this latter, as the former World,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy Eyes ; resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to thir own polluted wayes ;
And one peculiar Nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,
A Nation from one faithful man to spring :
Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,
Bred up in Idol-worship ; O that men

 $S f_2$

(Canst

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
 While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,
 As to forsake the living God, and fall
 1010 To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone
 For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes
 To call by Vision from his Fathers house,
 His kindred and false Gods, into a Land
 Which he will shew him, and from him will raise
 A mightie Nation, and upon him showre
 His benediction so, that in his Seed
 All Nations shall be blest; hee straight obeys,
 Not knowing to what Land, yet firm believes:
 I see him, but thou canst not, with what Faith
 1020 He leaves his Gods, his Friends, and native Soile
Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the Ford
 To *Haran*, after him a cumbrous Train
 Of Herds and Flocks, and numerous servitude;
 Not wandring poor, but trusting all his wealth
 With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains, I see his Tents
 Pitcht about *Sechem*, and the neighbouring Plaine
 Of *Moreh*; there by promise he receaves
 Gift to his Progenie of all that Land;
 1030 From *Hamath* Northward to the Desert South
 (Things by thir names I call, though yet unnam'd)
 From *Hermon* East to the great Western Sea,
 Mount *Hermon*, yonder Sea, each place behold
 In prospect, as I point them; on the shoare
 Mount *Carmel*; here the double-founted stream
Jordan, true limit Eastward; but his Sons
 Shall dwell to *Senir*, that long ridge of Hills.
 This ponder, that all Nations of the Earth

Shall

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Shall in his Seed be blessed ; by that Seed
Is meant thy great deliverer, who shall bruise
The Serpents head ; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal'd. This Patriarch blest,
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call,
A Son, and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves,
Like him in faith, in wisdom, and renown ;
The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast, departs
From *Canaan*, to a Land hereafter call'd
Egypt, divided by the River *Nile* ;
See where it flows, disgorging at seven mouthes
Into the Sea : to sojourn in that Land
He comes invited by a yonger Son
In time of dearth, a Son whose worthy deeds
Raife him to be the second in that Realme
Of *Pharao* : there he dies, and leaves his Race
Growing into a Nation, and now grown
Suspected to a sequent King, who seeks
To stop thir overgrowth, as inmate guests
Too numerous ; whence of guests he makes them
Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males : (slaves
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and *Aaron*) sent from God to claime
His people from enthrallment, they return
With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land.
But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies
To know thir God, or message to regard,
Must be compell'd by Signes and Judgements dire ;
To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,
Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land ;
His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Botches and blaines must all his flesh imbosh,
And all his people ; Thunder mixt with Haile,
Haile mixt with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Skie
And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rould;
What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,
A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green:
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
1080 Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes ;
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
Of *Egypt* must lie dead. Thus with ten wounds
This River-Dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice
More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismissd , the Sea
Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
As on drie land between two chrystal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand
1090 Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar :
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,
Though present in his Angel, who shall goe
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
By day a Cloud, by night a pillar of Fire,
To guide them in thir journey, and remove
Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues :
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning Watch ;
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud
1100 God looking forth will trouble all his Host
And craze thir Chariot wheels : when by command
Moses once more his potent Rod extends

Over

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Over the Sea ; the Sea his Rod obeys ;
On thir imbattelld ranks the Waves return,
And overwhelm thir Warr : the Race elect
Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance
Through the wilde Desert, not the readiest way,
Least entring on the *Canaanite* allarmd
Warr terrifie them inexpert, and feare
Return them back to *Egypt*, choosling rather
Inglorious life with servitude ; for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untraind in Armes, where rashness leads not on.
This also shall they gain by thir delay
In the wide Wilderness, there they shall found
Thir government, and thir great Senate choose
Through the twelve Tribes, to rule by Laws ordaind :
God from the Mount of *Sinai*, whose gray top
Shall tremble, he descending, will himself
In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets found
Ordaine them Lawes ; part such as appertaine
To civil Justice, part religious Rites
Of sacrifice, informing them, by types
And shadowes, of that destind Seed to bruise
The Serpent, by what meanes he shall achieve
Mankinds deliverance. But the voice of God
To mortal eare is dreadful ; they beseech
That *Moses* might report to them his will,
And terror cease ; he grants them thir desire,
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator, whose high Office now
Moses in figure beares, to introduce
One greater, of whose day he shall foretell,
And all the Prophets in thir Age the times

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Of great *Messiah* shall sing. Thus Laws and Rites
Establisht, such delight hath God in Men
Obedient to his will, that he voutsafes
Among them to set up his Tabernacle,
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell :.
1140 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd
Of Cedar, overlaid with Gold, therein
An Ark, and in the Ark his Testimony,
The Records of his Cov'nant, over these
A Mercie-feat of Gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim, before him burn
Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing
The Heav'nly fires; over the Tent a Cloud
Shall rest by Day, a fierie gleame by Night,
Save when they journie, and at length they come,
1150 Conducted by his Angel to the Land
Promisd to *Abraham* and his Seed: the rest
Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,
How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,
Mans voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* stand,
And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialon*,
Till *Israel* overcome; so call the third
From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him
1160 His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win.
Here *Adam* interpos'd. O sent from Heav'n,
Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveald, those chiefly which concerne
Just *Abraham* and his Seed: now first I finde
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
Erwhile perplext with thoughts what would becom
Of

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Of mee and all Mankind ; but now I see His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest, Favour unmerited by me, who fought Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means.	1170
---	------

This yet I apprehend not, why to those Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth So many and so various Laws are giv'n ; So many Laws argue so many sins Among them ; how can God with such reside ?	
---	--

To whom thus <i>Michael</i> . Doubt not but that sin Will reign among them, as of thee begot ; And therefore was Law given them to evince Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up Sin against Law to fight ; that when they see Law can discover sin, but not remove,	1180
--	------

Save by those shadowie expiations weak, The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude Some blood more precious must be paid for Man, Just for unjust, that in such righteousness To them by Faith imputed, they may finde Justification towards God, and peace Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part Perform, and not performing cannot live.	1190
---	------

So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n With purpose to resign them in full time Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit, From imposition of strict Laws, to free Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear To filial, works of Law to works of Faith. And therefore shall not <i>Moses</i> , though of God	
---	--

T t	Highly
-----	--------

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

1200 Highly belov'd, being but the Minister
 Of Law, his people into *Canaan* lead;
 But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Jesus* call,
 His Name and Office bearing, who shall quell
 The adversarie Serpent, and bring back
 Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest.
 Meanwhile they in thir earthly *Canaan* plac't
 Long time shall dwell and prosper, but when sins
 National interrupt thir public peace,
 Provoking God to raise them enemies :
 1210 From whom as oft he saves them penitent
 By Judges first, then under Kings; of whom
 The second, both for pietie renownd
 And puissant deeds, a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable, that his Regal Throne
 For ever shall endure; the like shall sing
 All Prophecie, That of the Royal Stock
 Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise
 A Son, the Womans Seed to thee foretold,
 Foretold to *Abram*, as in whom shall trust
 1220 All Nations, and to Kings foretold, of Kings
 The last, for of his Reign shall be no end.
 But first a long succession must ensue,
 And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd,
 The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
 Wandring, shall in a glorious Temple enshrine.
 Such follow him, as shall be registerd
 Part good, part bad, of bad the longer scrowle,
 Whose foul Idolatries, and other faults
 Heapt to the popular summe, will so incense
 1230 God, as to leave them, and expose thir Land,

Thir

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Thir Citie, his Temple, and his holy Ark
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud Citie, whose high Walls thou saw'st
Left in confusion, *Babylon* thence call'd.
There in captivitie he lets them dwell
The space of seventie years, then brings them back,
Remembring mercie, and his Cov'nant sworn
To *David*, stablish't as the dayes of Heav'n.
Returnd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings
Thir Lords, whom God dispos'd, the house of God 1240
They first re-edifie, and for a while
In mean estate live moderate, till grown
In wealth and multitude, factious they grow ;
But first among the Priests dissension springs,
Men who attend the Altar, and should most
Endeavour Peace : thir strife pollution brings
Upon the Temple it self : at last they seise
The Scepter, and regard not *David's* Sons,
Then loose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed King *Messiah* might be born 1250
Barr'd of his right ; yet at his Birth a Starr
Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,
And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire
His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold ;
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night ;
They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire
Of squadron'd Angels hear his Carol sung.
A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
The Power of the most High ; he shall ascend 1260
The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign
With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns.

He

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breathd.

O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope ! now clear I understand
What oft my steddiefst thoughts have searcht in
Why our great expectation should be call'd (vain,
1270 The seed of Woman : Virgin Mother, Haile,
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son
Of God most High ; So God with man unites.
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal paine : say where and when
Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel.

To whom thus *Michael*. Dream not of thir fight,
As of a Duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel : not therefore joynes the Son
1280 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
Thy enemy ; nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabl'd not to give thee thy deaths wound :
Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works
In thee and in thy Seed : nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd
On penaltie of death, and suffering death,
1290 The penaltie to thy transgression due,
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow :
So onely can high Justice rest appaid.
The Law of God exact he shall fulfill
Both by obedience and by love, though love

Alone

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Alone fulfill the Law ; thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the Flesh
To a reproachful life and curst death,
Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe
In his redemption, and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith, his merits 1300
To save them, not thir own, though legal works.
For this he shall live hated, be blasphem'd,
Seis'd on by force, judg'd, and to death condemn'd
A shameful and accurst, naild to the Cross
By his own Nation, slaine for bringing Life ;
But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies,
The Law that is against thee, and the sins
Of all mankind, with him there crucifi'd,
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction ; so he dies, 1310
But soon revives, Death over him no power
Shall long usurp ; ere the third dawning light
Returne, the Starres of Morn shall see him rise
Out of his grave, fresh as the dawning light,
Thy ransom paid, which Man from death redeems,
His death for Man, as many as offerd Life
Neglect not, and the benefit imbrace
By Faith not void of workes : this God-like act
Annuls thy doom, the death thou shouldst have dy'd,
In sin for ever lost from life ; this act 1320
Shall bruise the head of *Satan*, crush his strength
Defeating Sin and Death, his two maine armes,
And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings
Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel,
Or theirs whom he redeems, a death like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal Life.

Nor

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

1330 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer
To his Disciples, Men who in his Life
Still follow'd him ; to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn'd
And his Salvation, them who shall beleeve
Baptizing in the profluent streame, the signe
Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life
Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd.
All Nations they shall teach ; for from that day
Not onely to the Sons of *Abrahams* Loines
1340 Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons
Of *Abrahams* Faith wherever through the world ;
So in his seed all Nations shall be blest.
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the aire
Over his foes and thine ; there shall surprise
The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines
Through all his realme, & there confounded leave ;
Then enter into glory, and resume
His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n ; and thence shall come,
1350 When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick & dead,
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receive them into blifs,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Then this of *Eden*, and far happier daies.
So spake th' Archangel *Michael*, then paus'd,
As at the Worlds great period ; and our Sire
Replete

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd.

O goodness infinite, goodness immense! 1360

That all this good of evil shall produce,

And evil turn to good ; more wonderful

Then that which by creation first brought forth

Light out of darkness ! full of doubt I stand,

Whether I should repent me now of sin

By mee done and occasiond, or rejoyce

Much more, that much more good thereof shall

To God more glory, more good will to Men (spring,

From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound.

But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n

Must reascend, what will betide the few 1370

His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,

The enemies of truth ; who then shall guide

His people, who defend? will they not deale

Worf with his followers then with him they dealt?

Be sure they will, said th' Angel; but from Heav'n

Hee to his own a Comforter will send,

The promise of the Father, who shall dwell

His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith

Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write, 1380

To guide them in all truth, and also arme

With spiritual Armour, able to resist

Satans assaults, and quench his fierie darts ,

What Man can do against them, not affraid,

Though to the death, against such cruelties

With inward consolations recompenc't,

And oft supported so as shall amaze

Thir proudest persecuters : for the Spirit

Powrd first on his Apostles, whom he sends

To evangelize the Nations, then on all

1390

Baptiz'd,

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

Baptiz'd, shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all Tongues, and do all Miracles,
As did thir Lord before them. Thus they win
Great numbers of each Nation to receive
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n : at length
Thir Ministry perform'd, and race well run,
Thir doctrine and thir story written left,
They die ; but in thir room, as they forewarne,
Wolves shall succeed for teachers, grievous Wolves,
1400 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
To thir own vile advantages shall turne
Of lucre and ambition, and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint,
Left onely in those written Records pure,
Though not but by the Spirit understood.
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names,
Places and titles, and with these to joine
Secular power, though feigning still to act
By spiritual, to themselves appropriating
1410 The Spirit of God, promis'd alike and giv'n
To all Beleevers ; and from that pretense,
Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force
On every conscience ; Laws which none shall finde
Left them inrould, or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave. What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace it self, and binde
His consort Libertie ; what, but unbuild
His living Temples, built by Faith to stand,
Thir own Faith not anothers : for on Earth
1420 Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
Infallible ? yet many will presume :
Whence heavie persecution shall arise

On

Paradise lost. Book 10.

<p>On all who in the worship persevere Of Spirit and Truth ; the rest, farr greater part, Will deem in outward Rites and specious formes Religion satisf'd ; Truth shall retire Bestuck with slanderous darts, and works of Faith Rarely be found : so shall the World goe on, To good malignant, to bad men benigne, Under her own waight groaning, till the day Appeer of respiration to the just, And vengeance to the wicked, at return Of him so lately promis'd to thy aid, The Womans feed, obscurely then foretold, Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord, Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd In glory of the Father, to dissolve <i>Satan</i> with his perverted World, then raise From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd, New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date Founded in righteousness and peace and love, To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss.</p>	<p>1430</p>
<p>He ended ; and thus <i>Adam</i> last reply'd. How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest, Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time, Till time stand fixt: beyond is all abyss, Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach. Greatly instructed I shall hence depart, Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill Of knowledge, what this vessel can containe ; Beyond which was my folly to aspire. Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best, And love with feare the onely God, to walk As in his presence, ever to observe</p>	<p>1440</p> <p>1450</p>

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
1460 By simply meek ; that suffering for Truths sake
Is fortitude to highest victorie,
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life ;
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd :
This having learnt, thou hast attained the summe
Of wisdom ; hope no higher, though all the Starrs
Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,
1470 Or works of God in Heav'n, Air, Earth, or Sea,
And all the riches of this World enjoydst,
And all the rule, one Empire ; onely add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add Faith,
Add Vertue, Patience, Temperance, add Love,
By name to come call'd Charitie, the soul
Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee, happier farr.

Let us descend now therefore from this top
1480 Of Speculation ; for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence ; and see the Guards,
By mee encampt on yonder Hill, expect
Thir motion, at whose Front a flaming Sword,
In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;
We may no longer stay : go, waken *Eve* ;
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd

Portending

Paradise lost. Book 10.

Portending good, and all her spirits compos'd To meek submission : thou at season fit Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard, Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know, The great deliverance by her Seed to come (For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind. That ye may live, which will be many dayes, Both in one Faith unanimous though sad, With cause for evils past, yet much more cheer'd With meditation on the happie end.	1490
---	------

He ended, and they both descend the Hill ; Descended, <i>Adam</i> to the Bowre where <i>Eve</i> Lay sleeping ran before, but found her wak't ; And thus with words not sad she him receav'd.	1500
---	------

Whence thou returnst, & whither wentst, I know ; For God is also in sleep, and Dreams advise, Which he hath sent propitious, some great good Prefaging, since with sorrow and hearts distress VVearied I fell asleep : but now lead on ; In mee is no delay ; with thee to goe, Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay, Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to mee Art all things under Heav'n, all places thou, VVho for my wilful crime art banisht hence. This further consolation yet secure I carry hence ; though all by mee is lost, Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft, By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore.	1510
--	------

So spake our Mother *Eve*, and *Adam* heard
 VVell pleas'd, but answer'd not ; for now too nigh
 Th' Archangel stood, and from the other Hill
 To thir fixt Station, all in bright array

The

Book 10. *Paradise lost.*

1520 The Cherubim descended ; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist
Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel
Homeward returning. High in Front advanc't,
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet ; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust,
Began to parch that temperate Clime ; whereat
In either hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
1530 Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plaine ; then disappear'd.
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late thir happie feat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes :
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon ;
The World was all before them, where to choose
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide :
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
1540 Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way.

THE END.

APPENDIX.

I. FACSIMILE OF THE PRINTER'S ADDRESS TO THE READER ;
THE ARGUMENT TO THE TEN BOOKS ; APOLOGY FOR
THE VERSE, AND ERRATA.

II. A MONOGRAPH ON THE FIRST EDITION OF PARADISE
LOST.

The Printer to the Reader.

Courteous Reader, There was no Argument at first intended to the Book, but for the satisfaction of many that have desired it, I have procur'd it, and withall a reason of that which stumbled many others, why the Poem Rimes not.

S. Simmons.



THE ARGUMENT:

Of the FIRST BOOK.



He first Book proposes first in brief the whole Subject, *Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac't*: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep. Which action past over, the Poem hasts into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ'd here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunderstruck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up

The Argument.

him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him ; they confer of thir miserable fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded ; They rise, thir Numbers, array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoyning. To these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophecie or report in Heaven ; for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this Prophecie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full Councell. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep : The infernal Peers there sit in Counsel.

Of the

SECOND BOOK.

T*He Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven : some advise it, others dissuade : A third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before by Satan, to search the truth of that Prophecie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world and another kind of creature equall or not much inferiour to themselves about this time to be created : Thir doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search : Satan thir chief undertakes alone the voyage,*
is

The Argument.

is honourd and applauded. The Councel thus ended, the rest betake them several wayes & to several imployments, as thir inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are op'nd, and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.

Of the

THIRD BOOK

GOd sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand; foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind; clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter; yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc't. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergoe his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man: the Father

The Argument.

ther accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth; commands all the Angels to adore him; they obey, and hymning to thir Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this VVorlds outermost Orb; where wandring he first finds a place since call'd The Lympo of Vanity; what persons and things fly up thither; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it: His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun; he finds there Uriel the Regent of that Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel? and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation and Man whom God had plac't here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed; alights first on Mount Niphates.

Of the

FOURTH BOOK.

S*Atan now in prospect of Eden, and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprize which he undertook alone against God and Man, falls into many doubts with himself, and many passions, fear, envy, and despare; but at length confirms himself in evil, journeys on to Paradise, whose outward prospect and scituation is described, overleaps the bounds, sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life, as highest in the Garden to look about him. The Garden describ'd; Satan's first sight*

The Argument,

sight of Adam and Eve; his wonder at thir excellent form and happy state, but with resolution to work thir fall; overhears thir discourse, thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of, under penalty of death; and thereon intends to found his temptation, by seducing them to transgress: then leaves them a while, to know further of thir state by some other means. Mean while Uriel descending on a Sun-beam warns Gabriel, who had in charge the Gate of Paradise, that some evil spirit had escap'd the Deep, and past at Noon by his Sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise, discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount. Gabriel promises to find him out ere morning. Night coming on, Adam and Eve discourse of going to thir rest: thir Bower describ'd; thir Evening worship. Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise, appoints two strong Angels to Adams Bower, lest the evill spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping; there they find him at the ear of Eve, tempting her in a dream, and bring him, though unwilling, to Gabriel; by whom question'd, he scornfully answers, prepares resistance, but hinder'd by a Sign from Heaven, flies out of Paradise.

Of the

FIFTH BOOK.

MOrning approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: Thir Morning

The Argument.

ing Hymn at the Door of thir Bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know. Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve; thir discourse at Table: Raphael performs his message, minds Adam of his state and of his enemy; relates at Adams request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, perswading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him.

Of the

SIXTH BOOK.

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to Battel against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd: Satan and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Councel, invents devilish Engines, which in the second dayes Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder; but they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm'd both the force and Machins of Satan: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends Messiah his Son, for whom he had

The Argument.

had reserv'd the glory of that Victory: Hee in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening they leap down with horreur and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep: Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

Of the SEVENTH BOOK.

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this World was first created; that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven, declar'd his pleasure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in six dayes: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reascention into Heaven. Adam then inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledg: Adam assents, and still desirous to detain Raphael, relates to him what he remember'd since his own Creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.

The Argument

Of the

EIGHTH BOOK.

SAtan having compass'd the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping. Adam and Eve in the Morning go forth to thir labours, wh c h Eve proposes to divide in several places, each labouring apart : Adam consents not, ll dging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone : Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal of her strength ; Adam at last yields : The Serpent finds her alone ; his subtle approach, first gazing, then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures. Eve wondring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now ; the Serpent answers, that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reason, till then void of both : Eve requires him to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden : The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat ; she pleas'd with the taste deliberates a while whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what perswaded her to eat thereof : Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her ; and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the Fruit : The Effects thereof

The Argument

thereof in them both; they seek to cover thir nakedness; then fall to variance and accusation of one another.

Of the

NINTH BOOK.

MAns transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve thir vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that the entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors, who descends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reascends. Sin and Death sitting till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathie feeling the success of Satan in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow Satan thir Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad Highway or Bridge over Chaos, according to the Track that Satan first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; thir mutual gratulation. Satan arrives at Pandemonium, in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into Serpents, according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to taste of the Fruit,

a 2

chew

The Argument.

chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of Sin and Death ; God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things ; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements. Adam more and more perceiving his fall'n condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolment of Eve ; she persists and at length appeases him : Then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Offspring, proposes to Adam violent wayes which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.

Of the

TENTH BOOK

THe Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them : God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise ; sends Michael with a band of Cherubim to dispossess them ; but first to reveal to Adam future things : Michaels coming down. Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs ; he discerns Michaels approach, goes out to meet him : The Angel denounces thir departure. Eve's Lamentation. Adam pleads, but submits : The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in vision what shall happ'n till the Flood ; thence from the Flood relates,
and

The Argument.

and by degrees explains, who that Seed of the Woman shall be; his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension; the state of the Church till his second Coming. Adam greatly satisfied and recomfited by these Relations and Promises descends the Hill with Michael; wakens Eve, who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission. Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking thir Stations to guard the Place.

THE

THE VERSE.

THe Measure is *English* Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of *Homer* in *Greek*, and of *Virgil* in *Latin*; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter; grac't indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to thir own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse then else they would have exprest them. Not without cause therefore some both *Italian* and *Spanish* Poets of prime note have rejected Rime both
in

The Verse.

in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best *English* Tragedies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious eares, triveal and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoyded by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in *English*, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing.

ERRA-

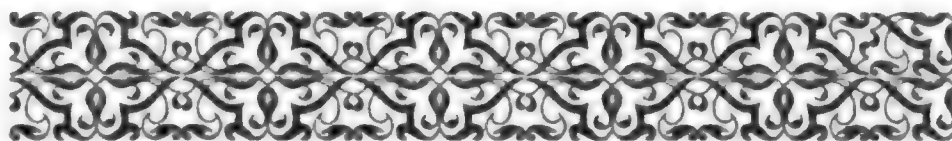


ERRATA.

- L** ib. 1. Verſ. 25. for *th' Eternal*, Read *Eternal*.
Lib. 1. V. 409. for *Heronaim*, r. *Horonaim*.
Lib. 1. V. 758. for *and Band* r. *Band and*.
Lib. 1. V. 760. for *hundreds* r. *bunderds*.
Lib. 2. V. 414. for *we* r. *wee*.
Lib. 2. V. 881. for *great* r. *grate*.
Lib. 3. V. 760. for *with* r. *in*.
Lib. 5. V. 193. for *breath* r. *breathe*.
Lib. 5. V. 598. for *whoſeop* r. *whoſe top*.
Lib. 5. V. 656. for *more Heaven* r. *more in Heaven*.
Lib. 6. V. 184. for *bleſſed* r. *bleſt*.
Lib. 6. V. 215. for *ſounder* r. *ſo under*.
Lib. 10. V. 575. for *loſt* r. *laſt*.

Other literal faults the Reader of himſelf may Correct.





A MONOGRAPH ON THE FIRST EDITION OF MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.



PECULIAR interest always attaches to the *Editio Princeps* or first printed edition, issued under the author's superintendence and inspection, of any work that has become classical. Not only was this the form in which his book was first given to the world, but it is, in many cases, the only safeguard against later corruptions of the text—against the blundering of printers and the caprice of editors. Of the great masterpieces of English literature, whether of early or recent date, there is scarcely one that has not suffered, more or less, from such causes. Out of the innumerable editions of Shakespeare, Bacon, Izaak Walton, Milton, Bunyan and De Foe, scarcely one in ten offers a text of the least reliability. This gradual falsification and corruption has been peculiarly the fate of the great poem now in the reader's hands.

The modernization of orthography which has obtained in recent critical editions of the works of our old writers, with whatever advantages and conveniences it may have been attended, has doubtless been accompanied also by many serious drawbacks. A broad line of distinction should be made between *bad* spelling and archaic spelling. The bad and arbitrary spelling of the printers of the seventeenth century is a thing no scholar would reverence or wish to preserve. But characteristic spelling of the derivative kind is a part of the history and

A Monograph on the First Edition

growth of our language, and to destroy or eradicate such archaisms is to remove one of its most interesting landmarks. And we may safely hazard the assertion that many of these modernizations alter completely the identity of words, which meant one thing in their old form, and mean quite another in their new form.

That Milton was not inattentive to the niceties of orthography—and that he had a system and ideas of his own about it—is abundantly proved by those of his writings which issued from the press before his blindness. And although that sad event had occurred long before “*Paradise Lost*” was in the hands of the printer, and very shortly after its composition was begun, we cannot suppose him to have been indifferent to such matters in the case of the great work on which he expected to build his fame, which he was long in choosing, and began late. In dictating his nocturnal outpourings to his daughter, to his nephew Philips, or to any other chance amanuensis, it is more than probable that he was not content to leave either orthography or punctuation to their discretion or indiscretion, and that in the preparation of the manuscript and the revision of the proofs, considerable attention was devoted, under his direction, to both. With occasional exceptions, accordingly, easily accounted for by the ignorance or intermittent negligence of those whom the author employed, the orthography of the First Edition of “*Paradise Lost*” is not uncertain and arbitrary, but, in so far as it differs from that of the present day, differs systematically and scientifically. “Many of his words and modes of spelling,” says a recent writer, “are peculiar to himself, and many of them also not only indicated scholar-like knowledge and precision of view on etymological questions, but were adopted by him with a curious attention to musical effect, and with a most felicitous recognition of the close relation between sound and sense.

As an instance of the manner in which the language of “*Paradise Lost*” has occasionally been emasculated by the liberties taken with it by later editors and printers, we may note

of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

the famous passage in the beginning of the third book, in which the author, alluding to his blindness, says—

“ But thou
Revisit’st not these eyes that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn.”

Now, can any one inform us what possible reason there could be for diluting the full, rich, passionate resonance of *rowle* into the thin prosaic feebleness of *roll*, as has been done by Newton, Todd, and all the rest of the tuneless rout of Milton's editors?

As to the great majority of Milton's orthographical peculiarities, it may or may not be of any very great consequence that he chose to write *souvan* instead of sovereign, *perfet* instead of perfect, *thir* instead of their, *voutsaf* for vouchsafed, *fluts* instead of flutes, *intrans't*, *glimps*, *hight*, *maistring*, *anow* for enough, etc. etc. But it is, at any rate, worth knowing that he did so. Even the crotchets of such a mind are of interest to us—a mind so widely informed with learning and subtile thought,—and possess a value very different to that which belongs to those of the mere shallow and fantastic crotcheter-monger. The question, too, as to preserving the orthography of Milton's works, is one altogether distinct from that which is sometimes canvassed among mere antiquaries, of following the old spelling of other writers either of the same period or of an earlier time. For in their case no uniform rules of orthography were observed, and they thought nothing of spelling the same word in half-a-dozen different ways in the same number of consecutive lines; while he, on the contrary, practised a regular unvarying system deliberately formed by himself, and adopted upon choice and afore-thought. Besides, it is evident that, to some at least, if not to all of his peculiarities of language and orthography, he himself, with all his indifference to “verbal curiosities,” attached considerable importance. At the end of the First Edition of “*Paradise Lost*,” we meet with the following singular item among the Errata:—“Lib. 2. v. 414. For *we* read *wee*.” Even a tolerably attentive student of the early

A Monograph on the First Edition

editions of Milton, might be at a loss what to make of this. It is certain that *we* is to be met with in "Paradise Lost" quite as often, or rather much oftener, with a single than with a double *e*. It occurs as *we* in the very next line to that referred to above in the list of errata. What then could be Milton's object in desiring its correction in v. 414, while he leaves it unaltered elsewhere? The explanation is simply this, that although in ordinary cases he is accustomed to spell the pronouns *we*, *me*, *he*, *ye*, with a single *e*, wherever special emphasis is intended to be put upon them he makes a point of writing *wee*, *mee*, *hee*, *yee*. At the end of book ix., for example, we find the following passage thus given in the early editions:—

"Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in woman ever trusting
Lets her will rule : restraint she will not brook,
And left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse."

Again, Book x. line 1 :—

"Meanwhile the hainous and despightfull act
Of Satan done in Paradise, and how
Hee in the serpent had perverted Eve,
Her husband *Shee*," etc.

In the same Book, line 137 :—

"This woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfect gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did whatever in itself,
Her doing seemed to justify the deed ;
Shee gave me of the tree, and I did eat.
To whom the Sovran Presence thus replied :—
Was *shee* thy God that her thou did'st obey
Before his voice, or was *shee* made thy guide
Superior," etc.

Now, all this may not be very important, but it is at least worth knowing as one of the characteristics of Milton's mind,

of Milton's Paradise Lost.

that he was thus curiously ingenious and solicitous about orthographical minutiae.

Before it assumed its present shape, "Paradise Lost" was at first wrought into a dramatic form, like some of the ancient mysteries. There were two plans of the tragedy, both of which are preserved among the manuscripts in Trinity College, Cambridge, and were printed for the first time in Birch's Life of Milton. In its final form, if we may trust the authority of Aubrey,¹ it was begun about two years before and finished about three years after the King's restoration. There are no internal notes of the time when the poem was written, but the mention of the loss of his sight in the beginning of the third book, and of the return of the King in the introduction to the seventh. His nephew, Philips, states that he had the perusal of it from the very beginning, for some years, in parcels of ten, twenty or thirty verses at a time, and that Milton's vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, so that in all the years he was about the poem, he may be said to have spent about half his time therein. It is certain that the entire MS. was complete, and was seen by Elwood, the Quaker, on a visit to Milton, at Chalfont, in Buckinghamshire, in the year 1665.

Some difficulty seems to have been experienced in obtaining a licence. Objections were made to particular passages, and especially to the simile of the sun (Book i. 594-600):—

"As when the Sun new ris'n
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclips, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the Nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs."

But it was at length granted, and the author sold his copy to

¹ "Aubrey Letters," iii. 447.

A Monograph on the First Edition

Samuel Simmons, April 27, 1667. The original agreement between the poet and his publisher is still extant,¹ and we append the text of it entire, both on account of its intrinsic interest, and because it is necessary for the elucidation of some remarks we have to make in the sequel.

“ These Presents made the 27th day of Aprill 1667 Between John Milton gent. of the one part, And Samuel Symons Printer of the other part Wittness that the said John Milton in consideration of five pounds to him now paid by the said Samuel Symōns & other the consideracōns herein mentioned Hath given, granted and assigned, and by these pñts doth give grant & assign unto the said Sam^l Symons his executors and assignees All that Booke Copy or Manuscript of a Poem intituled Paradise lost, or by whatsoever other title or name the same is or shal be called or distinguished now lately Licensed to be printed Together wth the full benefitt profit and advantage thereof or w^{ch} shall or may arise thereby. And the said John Milton for him his exⁿ and admⁿ doth covenant wth the said Sam^l Symōns his exⁿ and afs^r That he and they shall at all times hereafter have hold and enjoy the same and all Impressions thereof accordingly without the lett or hindrance of him the said John Milton his exⁿ or afs^r or any person or persons by his or their consent or privitie. And that he the said John Milton his exⁿ or admⁿ or any other by his or their meanes or consent shall not print or cause to be printed or sell dispose or publish the said Book or Manuscript or any other Book or Manuscript of the same tenor or subiect without the consent of the said Sam^l Symōns, his exⁿ or afs^r: In consideration whereof the said Sam^l Symōns for him, his exⁿ and admⁿ doth covenant with the said John Milton his exⁿ and afs^r well and truly to pay unto the said John Milton his exⁿ and admⁿ the sum of five pounds of lawfull english money at

¹ In the British Museum. It was formerly in the collection of Samuel Rogers, who purchased it of the late William Pickering for one hundred guineas.

of Milton's Paradise Lost.

the end of the first Impression which the said Sam^l Symons, his exⁿ or afs^t shall make and publish of the said Copy or Manuscript, which Impression shall be accounted to be ended when thirteen hundred Books of the said whole Copy or Manuscript imprinted shal be sold and retailed off to particular reading Customers. And shall also pay other five pounds, unto the said John Milton, or his afs^t at the end of the second Impression to be accounted as aforesaid, And five pounds more at the end of the third Impression, to be in like manner accounted. And that the said three first Impressions shall not exceed fifteen hundred Books or volumes of the said whole Copy or Manuscript, a piece. And further, That the said Samuel Symons, and his exⁿ, admⁿ, & afs^t shal be ready to make oath before a Master in Chancery concerning his or their knowledge and beleife of or concerning the truth of the disposing & selling the said Books by Retail, as aforesaid whereby the said Mr. Milton is to be entitled to his said money, from time to time upon every reasonable request in that behalf or in default thereof shall pay the said five pounds agreed to be paid upon each Impression, as aforesaid, as if the same were due, & for & in lieu thereof. In wittness whereof, the said parties have to this writing Indented, Interchangeably sett their hands & seales the day & yeare first above written.

JOHN MILTON. (Seal.)

Sealed and delivered in } John Fisher.
the presence of us, } Benjamin Greene, serv^t to Mr. Milton.

The first impression of "Paradise Lost," in Ten Books, consisted then of thirteen hundred copies and was published in 1667. But the various booksellers who sold copies of it prefixed their own respective titles, of which there are no fewer than eight (if not more), bearing date 1667, 1668 and 1669, in April of which latter year the edition appears to have been exhausted, or as

A Monograph on the First Edition

the agreement says, "sold and retailed off to particular reading customers."¹ During a considerable part of these two years the poem must have been kept in type, and copies must have been printed off when required, as minute orthographical variations, running through the whole of the book, occur in the different copies and issues and in the numeration of the lines, only to be accounted for on this supposition. In some instances errors of the early issues were rectified, and in other cases what was originally right was set wrong; capitals and small letters alternated and shifted places; catchwords dropt, slippt out, or were altered; and the lines were numbered and renumbered, now faultily, now correctly—all which would seem to imply that certain letters and figures were taken out at the printing-office when required for other work or were dropped in moving the forms and afterwards replaced in a more or less arbitrary or careless fashion. Doubtless also a certain number of corrections were made from time to time as errors were detected. The following Table of the various titles to the First Edition is appended from Bohn's Edition of Lowndes, for facility of reference:—

—Paradise Lost. A Poem Written in TEN BOOKS By JOHN MILTON. Licens'd and Entred according to Order. London; Printed, and are to be sold by *Peter Parker* under *Creed Church*, neer *Aldgate*. And by *Robert Boulter* at the *Turks Head* in *Bishopsgate Street*, and *Matthias Walker*, under *St. Dunstons Church*, in *Fleet street*, 1667, 4to.

First title-page, 171 leaves. The author's name is in *italic*

¹ Milton's receipt for the second payment of five pounds is dated April 26, 1669. It is here subjoined from the original, formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Dawson Turner:—

"April 26, 1669.

"Rec^d then of Samuel Simmons five pounds, being the Second five pounds to be paid—mentioned in the Covenant, I say rec^d by me

"JOHN MILTON.

"Witness, EDMUND UPTON."

of Milton's Paradise Lost.

capitals. The Poem immediately follows the title-page, without the seven preliminary leaves containing the Argument, list of Errata, &c. which were afterwards added.

Second title-page (1667). In this the name "JOHN MILTON" is much smaller than in the preceding.

It should be observed, that although this variation is placed as the second state, it is just as likely to be the first, as there is no evidence to the contrary.

Third title-page (1668). *Paradise Lost. A Poem in TEN Books. The Author J. M. (initials only). Licensed and Entred according to Order. Lond.; Printed and are to be sold by Peter Parker, &c. [as before]. 1668.*

Fourth title-page (1668). *Paradise Lost. A Poem in ten Books. The Author JOHN MILTON. Lond.; Printed by S. Simmons, and are to be sold by S. Thomson, at the Bishops Head, in Duck Lane, H. Mortlack, at the White Hart, in Westminster Hall, M. Walker, under St. Dunston's Church, in Fleet Street, and R. Boulter, at the Turk's Head, in Bishopsgate Street, 1668.* In this variation there is a *fleur-de-lis* ornament of four lines under the author's name. Immediately after the title are prefixed, for the first time, seven preliminary leaves, containing the Address of the Printer (S. Simmons), to the Reader *in three lines*, the Argument, the Verse, and Errata.

Fifth title-page (1668). *Paradise Lost, a Poem in ten Books, the Author ** John Milton. ** London, printed by S. Simmons, &c. 1668.* Prefixed are the Address of the Printer to the Reader, the Argument, and Errata, seven leaves.

Sixth title-page (1668). Same as the fifth, excepting that there are no stars on the title-page, and the Printer's Address to the Reader consists of five lines instead of three.

Seventh title-page (1669). *Paradise lost, A POEM, IN TEN Books. The Author, JOHN MILTON. LONDON. Printed by S. Simmons, and are to be sold by T. Helder, at the Angel in Little Brittain, 1669.* Date at the foot of the page, in the centre, instead of at the end of the previous line. Contains the

A Monograph on the First Edition

Address of the Printer to the Reader (in some copies the *three-line*, in others the *five-line* Address), Argument, Errata, &c. as before.

In some copies bearing what we here distinguish as the seventh title there are three variations in the last page of Book 3, viz., I. having the top line numbered 740, and *with* instead of *in* in the penultimate line. II. Having the top line numbered 740, but the correct word *in*. III. The top line not numbered, the penultimate line numbered 750, and the word *in* correct.

Eighth title-page (1669). The same as before, excepting that the word *Angel* on the title-page is in italic, the word London is in smaller italics than in the seventh title, and there is a comma instead of a full stop after the word Britain. It contains the seven preliminary leaves, but without the Printer's Address to the Reader. All these leaves, as well as the last two of the poem, appear to have been reprinted. The penultimate line of the Errata has lib. 2 instead of lib. 6.

Of the variations of some of the different copies, the following is a tabulated statement:—

of Milton's Paradise Lost.

Lowndes 1, 1667.	Lowndes 4, 1668.	Lowndes 6, 1668.	Lowndes 7, 1669 1st variation.	Lowndes 7, 1669 2nd variation.
980 I travel 990 Answer'd 1000 That little Havock H 1 reverse.	980 I travel 990 Answer'd 1000 That little Havock H 1 reverse.	980 Directed 990 That mighty 1000 Encroacht Havock H 1 reverse.	980 I travel 990 Answer'd 1000 That little Havock H 1 reverse.	980 I travel 990 Answer'd 1000 That little Havock H 1 reverse.
reply, 1010 steard. 1020 perverse 1030 din, 1040 H 2 reverse.	shore 1010 hard 1020 fro 1030 case 1040 H 2 reverse.	shore 1010 hard 1020 fro 1030 case 1040 H 2 reverse.	reply, 1010 steard. 1020 perverse 1030 din, 1040 H 2 reverse.	reply, 1010 steard. 1020 perverse 1030 din, 1040 H 2 reverse.
out. 50 Heaven 60 there 70 rage 80 H 4 reverse.	out. 50 Heaven 60 there 70 rage 80 H 4 reverse.	out. 60 Heaven 70 there 80 rage H 4 reverse.	out. 50 Heaven 60 there 70 rage 80 H 4 reverse.	out. 50 Heaven 60 there 70 rage 80 H 4 reverse.
mee H 4 reverse, line 15. (Line 663, bk. 3) accostes; L 1 reverse.	mee H 4 reverse, line 15. (Line 663, bk. 3) accostes; L 1 reverse.	mee H 4 reverse, line 15. (Line 663, bk. 3) accostes; L 1 reverse.	mee H 4 reverse, line 15. (Line 663, bk. 3) accostes; L 1 reverse.	mee H 4 reverse, line 15. (Line 663, bk. 3) accostes; L 1 reverse.
740 Hence 750 Throws his steep flight in L 2 reverse.	740 Hence 750 Throws his steep flight in L 2 reverse.	740 Hence 750 Throws his steep flight in L 2 reverse.	740 The rest 750 Hence 760 Throws his steep flight in L 2 reverse.	740 The rest 750 Hence 760 Throws his steep flight in L 2 reverse.

A Monograph on the First Edition

Lowndes 1, 1667.	Lowndes 4, 1668.	Lowndes 6, 1668.	Lowndes 7, 1669. 1st variation.	Lowndes 7, 1669. 2nd variation.
<i>In line the second</i> Among the Spirits (line seven) I groane; 90 With Diadem (line ninety-one) su- pream 100 Which . . . relapse, 110 Evil L 4 reverse.	<i>In line the second</i> Among the Spirits (line seven) I groane; 80 With Diadem (line eighty-one) su- pream 90 Which . . . relapse 100 Evil L 4 reverse.	<i>In line the second</i> Among the Spirits (line seven) I groane; 90 With Diadem (line ninety-one) su- pream 100 Which . . . relapse, 110 Evil L 4 reverse.	<i>In line the second</i> Among the Spirits (line seven) I groane; 80 With Diadem (line eighty-one) su- pream 90 Which . . . relapse 100 Evil L 4 reverse.	<i>In line the second</i> Among the Spirits (line seven) I groane; 80 With Diadem (line eighty-one) su- pream 90 Which . . . relapse, 100 Evil L 4 reverse.
flood, 720 O 2 resto.	flood, 720 O 2 resto.	flood, 720 O 2 resto.	flood, 720 O 2 resto.	flood, 720 O 2 resto.
(Line 287) Bands (Line 301) Raies to warme Q 4 resto.	(Line 287) Bands (Line 301) Raies to warme Q 4 resto.	(Line 287) Bands (Line 301) Raies to warme Q 4 resto.	(Line 287) Bands (Line 301) Raies to warme Q 4 resto.	(Line 287) Bands (Line 301) Raies to warme Q 4 resto.
(Line 608) Lord: Line 615 and 616, thus Ordaind So spake S 1 resto.	(Line 608) Lord, Line 615 and 616, thus, Ordaind So spake S 1 resto.	(Line 608) Lord, Line 615 and 616, thus, Ordaind So spake S 1 resto.	(Line 608) Lord: Line 615 and 616, thus, Ordaind So spake S 1 resto.	(Line 608) Lord: Line 615 and 616, thus, Ordaind So spake S 1 resto.
710 And from within S 2 reverse.	710 And from within S 2 reverse.	710 And from within, S 2 reverse.	710 And from within S 2 reverse.	710 And from within S 2 reverse.

of Milton's Paradise Lost.

<p><i>Lowndes 1, 1667. (Line 743) Or Starts of Morning, S 3 recto.</i></p> <p><i>(Line 827) Our happie state under one S 4 reverse.</i></p> <p><i>(Line 1101) renown'd, li 2 reverse.</i></p> <p>820 To waste 830 And reasonings, 840 Beyond Nn 1 reverse.</p> <p>ground 850 Bowrs, 860 shew 870 Nn 2 recto.</p> <p>950 Beare 960 In offices 970 Found Nn 3 reverse.</p>	<p><i>Lowndes 4, 1668. (Line 743) Or Starts of Morning, S 3 recto.</i></p> <p><i>(Line 827) Our happie state under one S 4 reverse.</i></p> <p><i>(Line 1101) renown'd, li 2 reverse.</i></p> <p>820 To waste 830 And reasonings, 840 Beyond Nn 1 reverse.</p> <p>ground 850 Bowrs, 860 shew 870 Nn 2 recto.</p> <p>950 Beare 960 In offices 970 Found Nn 3 reverse.</p>	<p><i>Lowndes 6, 1668. (Line 743) Or Starts of Morning, S 3 recto.</i></p> <p><i>(Line 827) Our happie state under our S 4 reverse.</i></p> <p><i>(Line 1101) renown'd, li 2 reverse.</i></p> <p>820 To waste 830 And reasonings, 840 Beyond Nn 1 reverse.</p> <p>ground 850 Bowrs, 860 shew 870 Nn 2 recto.</p> <p>950 Beare 960 In offices 970 Found Nn 3 reverse.</p>	<p><i>Lowndes 7, 1669. 1st variation. (Line 743) Or Starts of Morning, S 3 recto.</i></p> <p><i>(Line 827) Our happie state under one S 4 reverse.</i></p> <p><i>(Line 1101) renown'd, li 2 reverse.</i></p> <p>820 If guiltless? 830 So might 840 I find Nn 1 reverse.</p> <p>Death, 850 nigh, 860 pride 870 Nn 2 recto.</p> <p>940 His counsel 950 Would 960 A long 970 Living Nn 3 reverse.</p>	<p><i>Lowndes 7, 1669. 2nd variation. (Line 743) Or Starts of Morning, S 3 recto.</i></p> <p><i>(Line 827) Our happie state under one S 4 reverse.</i></p> <p><i>(Line 1101) renown'd, li 2 reverse.</i></p> <p>820 If guiltless? 830 So might 840 I find Nn 1 reverse.</p> <p>Death, 850 nigh, 860 pride 870 Nn 2 recto.</p> <p>940 His counsel 950 Would 960 A long 970 Living Nn 3 reverse.</p>
--	--	--	--	--

A Monograph on the First Edition

Lowndes 1, 1667.	Lowndes 4, 1668.	Lowndes 6, 1668.	Lowndes 7, 1669. 1st variation.	Lowndes 7, 1669. 2nd variation.
devourd 980 (Line 982) misery, two 990 short, 1000 Nn 4 <i>reflō</i> .	devourd 980 (Line 982) misery, two 990 short, 1000 Nn 4 <i>reflō</i> .	devourd 980 (Line 982) misery, two 990 short, 1000 Nn 4 <i>reflō</i> .	Racc, 980 (Line 978) misery, sweet, 990 power 1000 Nn 4 <i>reflō</i> .	Racc, 980 (Line 978) misery, sweet, 990 power 1000 Nn 4 <i>reflō</i> .
1010 But Nn 4 <i>reverse</i> .	1010 But Nn 4 <i>reverse</i> .	1010 But Nn 4 <i>reverse</i> .	0110 But Nn 4 <i>reverse</i> .	1010 But Nn 4 <i>reverse</i> .
(Line 1078) Which might supplie Oo 1 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 1078) Which might supplie Oo 1 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 1078) Which might supplie Oo 1 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 1078) Which might supplie Oo 1 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 1078) Which might supplie Oo 1 <i>reverse</i> .
(Line 32) pray let mee, Oo 3 <i>reflō</i> .	(Line 32) pray, let mee Oo 3 <i>reflō</i> .	(Line 32) pray, let mee Oo 3 <i>reflō</i> .	(Line 32) pray let me, Oo 3 <i>reflō</i> .	(Line 32) pray let me, Oo 3 <i>reflō</i> .
(Line 76) Doom Oo 3 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 76) doom Oo 3 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 76) Doom Oo 3 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 76) Doom Oo 3 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 76) Doom Oo 3 <i>reverse</i> .
(Line 101) Warriours, Oo 4 <i>reflō</i> .	(Line 101) warriours, Oo 4 <i>reflō</i> .	(Line 101) Warriours, Oo 4 <i>reflō</i> .	(Line 101) Warriours, Oo 4 <i>reflō</i> .	(Line 101) Warriours, Oo 4 <i>reflō</i> .
(Line 139) linkt, Oo 4 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 139) linkt; Oo 4 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 139) linkt; Oo 4 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 139) linkt, Oo 4 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 139) linkt, Oo 4 <i>reverse</i> .
(Line 904) few; Rr 4 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 904) few, Rr 4 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 904) few; Rr 4 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 904) few, Rr 4 <i>reverse</i> .	(Line 904) few, Rr 4 <i>reverse</i> .

of Milton's Paradise Lost.

While the present facsimile was in preparation, tidings reached us of another set of variations, in a copy of the first Edition recently purchased by a collector. An application to inspect it was met by a refusal, but from a former possessor of the volume, the Publisher learnt that it was a made-up copy of sheets of the various later issues, containing a few additional errors and omissions, attributable to the process described above. The Editors would have deemed it a misfortune not to be able to make use of it, had they not learnt that the former owner had made it up from several copies, and that it had been refused by two competent judges, who have charge of two of the libraries which are among the most important in the world, as a copy of no critical value or reliability.

To the fourth issue (1668) were prefixed, as we have seen, for the first time, seven preliminary leaves, containing, the Address of the Printer to the Reader, the Arguments, the Verse, and Errata. These Seven Leaves, which were several times entirely reset and were subjected from time to time to arbitrary orthographical variations, have been carefully facsimiled from one of the copies [of the 1668 issue] in which they originally appeared.

The Second Edition of *Paradise Lost*, in Twelve Books, Revised and Augmented, appeared in 1674, the same year in which Milton died. It is a small 8vo. and contains a portrait by Dolle, and the Commendatory Verses of Barrow and Marvell. We append a note respecting the redivision of the Books, and the additional lines intercalated into the text.

Book vii. was divided into two Books; the seventh ending at line 640. Line 641,

“To whom thus Adam gratefully repli'd,”

was thus amplified as the new opening to Book viii. :—

“The Angel ended, and in Adam's ear,
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking; still stood fix'd to hear:
Then, as new wak'd, thus gratefully reply'd.”

A Monograph on the First Edition

The Eighth became the Ninth, and the Ninth the Tenth Book.

The Tenth Book of the First Edition was subdivided into Books Eleven and Twelve. The former ended at line 896, and the Twelfth Book opened with the following new lines:—

“As one who in his journey bates at noon,
Though bent on speed: so here th’ arch-angel pauf’d,
Betwixt the world destroy’d, and world restor’d;
If Adam ought perhaps might interpose:
Then, with transition sweet, new speech resumes.”

Some few additions were also made to the Poem, the notice of which will interest the critical reader.

BOOK v. 637.

1667.
“They eat, they drink, and with
refection sweet
Are fill’d, before th’ all bounteous
King.”

1674.
“They eat, they drink, and in
communion sweet
Quaff immortality, and joy, (secure
Of surfeit, where full measure only
bounds
Excess) before th’ all bounteous
King.”

BOOK x. [xi.] 484.

After

“Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,
these three lines were interpolated:

“Demoniac phrenzy, moping melancholy,
And moon-struck madness, pining atrophy;
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence.”

BOOK x. 547.

1667.
“Which I must keep till my appointed
day
Of rendring up. *Michael* to him
repli’d.”

1674.
“Which I must keep till my appointed
day
Of rendring up, and patiently attend
My dissolution. *Michaël* reply’d.”

of Milton's Paradise Lost.

The present Facsimile Reprint of the First Edition of *Paradise Lost* has been made with the greatest care and exactness from a copy of the earliest issue—that, namely, which bears date 1667, and is marked in Lowndes as No. 1. This copy being in the original binding was of first-rate authority. Each sheet has been independently revised by three competent Editors, as well as by the printer's professional reader. The British Museum Copies have also been consulted, though having been rebound, they cannot be accounted as of equal authority with the copy in the original covers, followed by the printer. In compiling the Table of Variations the following copies have also been used:—A copy (1668) standing second in our Table, and marked in Lowndes, No. 4. This copy claims to have belonged to Edward Philips, Milton's nephew, subsequently to J. B. Cole, Sexton or Clerk of Cripplegate, who witnessed the restoration of Milton's tomb, and also to George Steevens, the Shakesperian critic. The copy standing in the third column of variations represents Lowndes No. 6; that in column four, Lowndes No. 7, with *first* variation, that in the fifth column, Lowndes No. 7, with *second* variation, and this last copy claims to have belonged to Milton himself. For the loan of the copies referred to in the first, fourth and fifth column, the Publisher is indebted to the kindness and liberality of three friends who most generously placed their treasures at his disposal for the present purpose.

R. H. S.



PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.



PRINTED BY WHITTINGHAM AND WILKINS,
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE.



